

The Soul of Paris

*Two Months in the French
Capital During the
War of 1914*

Random Notes of an American
Newspaper Man



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By WILLIAM J. GUARD

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS



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*TO THE
MEMORY
OF MY
FATHER*



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A FOREWORD.



WHEN a man reaches the indiscreet age of fifty-two and has the impudence to publish a book it is not a *Preface* which he should write, but an *Apology*. The chapters contained within these covers were never intended to assume the dignity of a *Book*.

They were begun as a sort of pastime, something to give the writer a mental distraction while other business required his remaining in Paris during the first two months of the War of 1914. The first two or three were mailed to my friend, George M. Smith, Managing Editor of *The Evening Sun* of New York. He was told to "chuck 'em in the waste basket if he couldn't find any use for them." Smith apparently thought they were worth while and cabled me to send some more. It is altogether his fault that I kept this correspondence going. The public may never forgive him, but I owe him a deep debt of gratitude. The reader may declare my chapters "rot," but that makes no difference to me, for I never enjoyed anything so much in my life as the writing of these "Random Notes" in Paris during the War of 1914, for which this man Smith is chiefly responsible.

Gentle reader, bear Smith no malice. He meant well, and if this prefatory apology is not convincing you don't have to read the book, for I am quite sure there will be any number of other books written upon the same subject by literary persons much less obscure and much more capable of dealing with it than I. However, it is my first chance after over thirty years of "common or garden" newspaper work to have a book printed with my name on the title page. Now, it is my humble opinion that no book is worth writing and much less worth reading that

is not written because it can't help being written. I shall probably never publish another book. ("Thank God!" I hear the readers say.) I simply can't help publishing this. It is my only chance to be a Real Author. And I have so many good friends who are Real Authors that I do want some title to recognition in their class. Perhaps hereafter they will consider me as something more than a mere ex-Sunday Editor and actual Operatic Press Agent and really one of themselves.

At all events these chapters are more or less a Human Document. I have made few if any changes in the original "copy" which I sent to *The Evening Sun*. That "stuff" was written on impulse, while I was subject to all the emotions which any man of Celtic sensibility must have felt during the opening weeks of this War of Nations. At least they are honest and they are truthful as far as my lights would permit them to be. Are they Francophile? Perhaps; but none the less I trust are they Humanophile (a bastard word, I will admit to my purest critics). I do not conceal my admiration for the French people, an admiration justified by facts. None the less I trust I have not failed to make clear my sympathy with the great masses of the German nation, whose salvation from the curse of military and so-called divine right autocratic slavery and regeneration into "a government of the people, for the people and by the people," is my profoundest hope.

WILLIAM J. GUARD.

New York, October 20, 1914.

I take this occasion also to express my thanks to Mr. William C. Reich, publisher of *The Sun*, for his courtesy in assigning me the right to reprint these letters.

W. J. G.

I.

*First Week of the War—An Optimist Disillusioned—Hoping
Against Hope—How Mobilization Began—The France
of 1914 a New France—Americans Amazed by Parisian
Sangfroid—Waiting for England.*

PARIS, FRIDAY, Aug. 7, 1914.



HAVE before me several Paris newspapers dated Friday, July 31, just one week ago. In them I find such "headlines" as "The Attitude of France: Public Opinion Should Not Be Alarmed"; "The European Crisis: A Gleam of Hope"; "France and Germany Deny the Mobilization of Their Reserves." Seven days have passed since then. It all seems like a dream. I look back over them and scarcely can realize that I have been in my waking senses. When on Friday forenoon, July 31, I strolled from my hotel to that rendezvous so well known to Americans who visit Paris periodically, Boyd Neel's, the Anglo-American broker's office at the corner of the Rues Daunou and Volney, just off the Boulevard des Italiens, I found it crowded with faces familiar on Broadway and Wall street.

It was anything but a cheerful gathering that I met. I was an Optimist; I refused to believe that there would be a general war. But I soon discovered that we Optimists were in a sad minority. Fact is, I believe I soon was in a minority of one. Truth to tell, everything seemed against me. Coin, which had been scarce for several days, was getting scarcer than ever, and

the promised new Bank of France five, ten and twenty-franc notes were painfully slow in making their appearance.

Nevertheless, and in spite of the odds against me, like a true Optimist I stood my ground. I still believed in Emperor William—believed that at least he was a good comedian; that he would see the greatest opportunity of his life to make a “grandstand play.”

No one among us doubted that the deciding vote—war or peace—rested with Emperor William. I must confess that I alone in that party advanced the idea that he would cast it for the cause of humanity. I really believed in the Kaiser, I say—believed that at the final critical moment he would come before the world’s footlights and say:

“Fellow Human Beings, my enemies have pictured me as a Man of War. They have belied me. To-day Europe is shaken from end to end by what? *By the fear of war!* So be it! Europe says I can stop it—that its fate is in my hands. Once and for all I shall convince the world of the sincerity of my belief in the religion of Jesus Christ, of the conscience of my Divine Mission, of my acceptance of the axioms of the Sermon on the Mount by saying to the world, ‘Now that you know what the *fear of war* means, imagine the terrors of war itself. I’ve let you have a foretaste of those terrors. Let it be a lesson to the world for a century hence. Who is the madman that for generations to come will want a European war? Not I! *Let us have peace! And woe betide the nation that injects a discordant note into the Universal Harmony.*’ ”

“Silly twaddle!” I hear you say.

Ah, my friend if the Kaiser only had had the heart and imagination and the power to have realized just such a “silly twaddle” idea would he not have gone down to history as the greatest exponent of humanitarian statesmanship the world has ever known? What an opportunity! What a tragic failure!

I don't know how this war is going to end (I know how I hope it will end!), but even if Germany triumphs by force of arms I ask myself—I ask you—would she not ultimately be a greater Germany should she triumph by the *moral force* of which such an attitude on the part of the Kaiser would have been the sublimest expression?

In justice to my American and British friends assembled around Boyd Neel I must confess that all those optimistic ravings were accepted with a spirit of incredulity which subsequent events quite justified. However, I'm not ashamed of my dream, and I hope the Kaiser himself may sometime find a copy of this letter and learn what a splendid opportunity—from an American point of view—he missed of becoming a real "world's star actor."

As the afternoon of Friday progressed even the Optimist began to weaken in his opinion. The crowds on the boulevards seemed to feel that something was going to happen. As one afternoon paper after another appeared it was eagerly snatched from the newsboys. When you stopped at the "terrasse" of a cafe to get a cool drink you were politely told that if you had no small money your fifty or one hundred-franc note could not be changed. A friend of mine who had several thousand francs of such money in his pocket hailed me to borrow thirty cents to pay his cabman.

After dinner the boulevards were again crowded with promenaders. But not the least excitement was evident until about nine o'clock, when the news spread that Jaures, the great Socialist leader, had been assassinated by a "crank" in a little cafe in the Rue Montmartre. Strange to relate, there was no uprising of the proletariat and the precautions taken by the police almost seemed unnecessary. The fact that the Government had forbidden the exportation of all products of the soil or industry

and removed the duty on grain made a deeper impression on the public mind.



Saturday is here, and with it the universal feeling that, as former Foreign Minister Stephen Pinchot says in *The Petit Journal*, "The die is cast. We are on the eve of war. All the Powers are under arms. Austria has mobilized. Responding to this act, Russia in her turn has mobilized. Germany is mobilizing. France can do nothing else. Up to the last hour we had hoped against hope. We wished to believe that we should find among the Germans a desire for peace responding to ours. We have sought every means of conciliation. We have failed!"

You see Mr. Pinchot, too, was an Optimist as long as he could be. I feel less lonely.

The boulevards were crowded early in the day. The first paper out, *The Paris-Midi*, made a feature of the Kaiser's proclamation, which concluded:

"And now let us leave our fate in the hands of God. Go to church, kneel before God and pray that He may aid our valiant army!"

"*Mich und Gott!*" remarked a French friend who lives in New York as we read *The Midi* together. "Same old story! Only trouble with the Kaiser is that he *will* try to introduce a fourth person into the Trinity—himself."

(Shockingly irreverent, I know, but I have to quote it.)'

Side by side with the Kaiser's proclamation was "played up" the news from Rome that Italy would remain neutral. This was regarded as most significant. The French inferred that Italy's heart was with her Latin sister—a comforting thought.

Still there is no definite news as to any further action on the part of the French Government, though every one is waiting—waiting. With some friends we motor to the Bois. It is practically deserted! We spin around for an hour and stop at Amenonville for tea. Half a dozen tables only are occupied, though from an interior enclosure comes the sound of an orchestra playing tango music. Twenty or thirty young people are dancing. There is a restless air among the waiters. One stop. A few minutes later a messenger arrives for the manager. Instantly the latter hurries back to the dancers.

"Stop that music!" he calls to the band. "The mobilization decree has just been announced. It begins at midnight. Play the 'Marseillaise.'"

Instantly the band strikes up the national anthem. Every one joins. It winds up with cheers and tears of emotion. Every one hurries off to the city—clients, waiters and bandsmen. It is goodbye to gay Amenonville till the cruel, criminal war is over.



Reaching the boulevards again we find them crowded as though it were a fete day. Everybody has an evening paper in his hand. The cafes are packed. Friends meet and the first question is, "When do you go?" Each feels that every day's delay is a day of shame. Yet there is no wild excitement. Instead, there is a spirit of calm resolve, of sangfroid, one might say, among the men that quite upsets the old-fashioned notion of those who still speak of the "crazy Frenchman." There are a few hastily formed processions of irresponsible youngsters of the rowdy type who go along the streets shouting "A Berlin!" remarks to me that he thinks that it is about time that dancing of them tells me that the place will close this evening. Another

and looking for shops with German names over the doors to smash their windows. But after reading Francisque Sarcey's description of the beginning of the war of 1870 I can't help feeling that this is a new France—doubtless in large measure due to the growth of the sporting spirit observable during the past ten years in this country and the temperance and self-restraint that it has imposed on the new generation—and that it enters the war of 1914 with feelings far different from those of forty-four years ago.

Saturday night wound up with healthy enthusiasm. On every possible occasion the cafe bands played the "Marseillaise," in which every one joined lustily, and it was generally followed by "God Save the King" and the Russian national hymn. The American who loves France for what his country in particular and the world in general owes here only regretted that the four-part harmony was not completed by "The Star-Spangled Banner."

I had been invited to dinner in the Bois by Mr. E. M. Gattle, of New York, who had also invited two of the biggest diamond merchants in Paris, together with their wives, their sons and daughters and sons-in-law and daughters-in-law. The mobilization order upset my host's plans. The dinner had to be hastily improvised at a smart new hotel just off the Boulevard des Italiens. It was a good dinner, nevertheless, though served very unconventionally. Probably twenty-five persons were present. I learned that no sooner had they scented trouble than the two Parisian diamond men took steps to protect their precious wares. They and their associates at once divided their stocks of diamonds and each shipped part of his quota to London and the rest to the South of France, safe beyond the possible discovery or reach of the enemy. At ten o'clock the party broke up. Three of the younger men present had to start at midnight for their regiments. My host and his

wife had all their hand baggage packed, and at midnight started for the St. Lazare station to wait three hours to take the train for Havre.



When I strolled to the boulevard on Sunday forenoon I had to rub my eyes. It was like a desert! The auto buses had disappeared as if by magic! Hardly a taxi or horse cab in sight! The former had been requisitioned during the night. So with the auto buses, each of which in twenty minutes had been transformed to carry supplies to the front. After a week they are still away, but the taxis and horse cabs have become fairly numerous again; and most of the underground railroads are running with women ticket takers at the gates. Few shops are open, as the men are mobilized. In a few days Paris will have hardly any men except boys under twenty or men over forty-eight.



The actual declaration of war on France by Germany produced no visible change in the feelings of the Parisian public. The excuse of bombs thrown on Nuremberg by a French aviator was received with a sneer. Curiously enough, "Lohengrin" had been announced for the next evening at the Opera. Needless to say, mobilization closed all the theatres. The only anxiety manifest was as to the action of England. "What will England do? Will she stand by us?" These were the questions every Frenchman asked his neighbor. The sigh of relief that arose from every Frenchman's breast when the news arrived that England had proved her loyalty to "a gentlemen's agreement" can better be imagined than described. No one who was not in Paris at the time can ever realize the intense anxiety

of the French during those days of waiting for England to speak.

Generally speaking, Americans here are being well cared for. Those who have letters of credit on Paris branches of American banks have always been able to get advances. Drafts on big French banks at present are practically useless. My banker lets me have one hundred and fifty francs a week, which helps me keep my credit good at my hotel. There is widespread feeling among Americans here that there is too much "red tape" in Washington, and that we have lost our reputation for knowing how to deal promptly with a practical question in a practical way.



II.

How Little Was Known in Paris of What Was Happening Outside—Everyone Preparing for Eventualities—Americans Grow Calmer—Parisians Cool and Confident.

PARIS, WEDNESDAY, Aug. 12, 1914.



LAST Saturday I mailed The Evening Sun some random notes in which I tried to give you some impressions of the life of Paris during the opening week of the war. Where those letters—there were two envelopes—are is something to wonder over.

They went in the mail to Havre presumably to catch the French liner France, whose sailing had been postponed from day to day. As far as we can learn in Paris the France is still in Havre and the Chicago (which was to have sailed last Saturday) also.

Hundreds of Americans, believing they could get home most readily that way, rushed to Havre Monday, August 3, leaving all their baggage behind them except what they could carry by hand. As far as we in Paris know, they are in Havre still, living on the steamships. Those who have first or second cabin accommodations have nothing to complain of. We can only hope that the nice people who were compelled to take steerage quarters do not lack consideration. As for the mail sacks that went from Paris to Havre, it is just possible that they reached Southampton and were placed on the American liner which sailed August 5 and should be sighting Sandy Hook as I write. Meanwhile we wonder what day our friends to whom we bade

"bon voyage" over a week ago as they hustled off to the Havre trains will get out to sea; whether the France and Chicago will sail at all and what will become of them all if the vessels remain in port indefinitely.



Paris is surprisingly normal in aspect to-day. Yesterday the police authorities permitted the cafes to put the little tables and chairs on the sidewalks in front of their establishments. They may remain there till eight in the evening. The subways which had been stopping at half-past seven in the evening now run till nine o'clock. The wives and daughters of the gatemen gone to the front have taken their places. The autobuses have not returned, but soon, we are told, the Government will let us have them back from the front and we shall be less isolated from our friends in distant quarters of the city. However, very few shops are open except grocery and provision shops, which are run by boys, women and elderly men. One by one the big hotels are being transformed into hospitals. Monsieur Alfred Roussel, a splendid type of the philanthropic Frenchman, who has devoted thirty years of his life to hospital organizations and who is an important factor in the activities of the Red Cross, took me through the Hotel Meurice this morning and showed me what he had done with that establishment in the short space of three days.

"Two days more," said he, "and it will be complete as any hospital need be."

The hotel had been almost stripped bare—at least not a bit of carpet or unnecessary furniture remains. It has been put in sanitary condition from top to bottom. One hundred beds, two or three to a room, are already waiting sick soldiers with a corps

of doctors, pharmacists, nurses, orderlies and all the other necessary attendants prepared for action. This is only an example of what is going on all over Paris. The Government, by the way, emphasizes the announcement that the wounded will not be brought to Paris—only the sick.

It is safe to say that there is not an idle hand to-day among the women of France. The shop girls in such stores, big or little, as remain open employ their spare time making bandages for the Red Cross, while social leaders vie with the wives and daughters of the middle classes in their efforts to be useful at Red Cross headquarters.



I tried to describe in my former letter the spirit of calm resolution with which the French people of every grade of social life faced the crisis. To-day it seems calmer than ever. Rumors come to Paris of excitement in Berlin during the opening days of the war. Whether these rumors are true or not we in Paris have no means of knowing, as the only news we get about the war are three daily communications to the press of the Minister of War. So far we have not had the least unusual excitement. To-day there is a feeling of anxiety in the air. Very little news has been given out for twenty-four hours. We are told that the French troops "are in contact with the enemy all along the line." We know that something big, something very serious, is going on or about to go on, but what it is is left to the imagination.

Just what happened in Upper Alsace we don't quite know, nor do we know all the facts about Liege. We know many English troops are on the Continent, but where they are or what they are doing is a mystery. Credit must be given to the Gov-

ernment for the care it is taking in preventing the spread of news which if known to the enemy might upset all the plans of the French—as was the case in 1870.

You will see, then, in what a state of obscurity we are living in Paris. The thousands of Americans here, however, have quite recovered from the semi-panic into which the order of mobilization seemed to throw them ten days ago. Those who couldn't get away then and who envied those who succeeded in reaching Havre or Boulogne or even London (where most of them are said to be still marooned) are now congratulating themselves that they are in Paris rather than any other big city of Europe. Heaven knows how the Americans bottled up in Germany and Austria are faring! So far all efforts to communicate with Carlsbad, for example, where Frank A. Munsey and a lot of other well-known Americans are sequestered, have failed. Here Americans are treated with the greatest kindness. The hotels and boarding houses still open don't press them for their bills—are willing to take so much on account and trust them for the balance.

Matters have so adjusted themselves that Americans with letters of credit or travelers' checks (other than those issued by German steamship companies!) can be turned into French money. Those who are less fortunate in having their funds exhausted are being looked after by the Protective Committee of which Judge Gary, of the Steel Corporation, is the head. Some time or other the American warships will arrive with all that gold we are told is being sent to aid needy Americans in their efforts to get home. But to those who are awaiting it the time seems awfully long and the things that are being said about our State Department in Washington are not fit for *The Evening Sun* or any other polite evening paper to print. Your readers will hear them all by word of mouth from their friends when they reach New York.

However, for those who have enough money to be able to live economically—you can do it very decently for ten francs a day—Paris is a very comfortable place even on the tenth day of war. Plenty of everything to eat! Fruit never was cheaper. Nice fresh vegetables—I see them passing my hotel window loaded on huge two-wheeled carts, dozens and dozens of them, every morning about five o'clock going to the Halles, the great central market of Paris. And as I turn away I say to myself:

“No; we won't be hungry to-day as long as we can enjoy boiled cabbage or stewed carrots!”

But no more fancy bread! The police stopped that. No more of those delicious croissants and crisp rolls that we enjoy so much with our early morning coffee. The making of them means waste of flour, butter and milk. The only bread to be had is just common ordinary bread. Incidentally the numberless afternoon tea places are all closed. Butter is somewhat scarce because there is shortage of hands to make it; milk is plentiful.

The chief concern of the Government as regards the food supply of France seems to be to get the crops harvested. Unemployed youths and prisoners of war are likely to be sent to the country to gather the grain and later the grapes. It is said that the grain and grape crops this year should be worth nearly two billion dollars! Germany, it is said, has to import two million dollars' worth of foodstuffs daily to help feed its population.

Ap[ro]pos of the subject of food, it would have surprised many Americans who have enjoyed an afternoon's sport at the beautiful race course of Auteuil to have driven through the almost deserted Bois yesterday afternoon and seen a great herd of cattle peacefully grazing on the sward. Later in the evening an immense flock of sheep crossed the Place de la Concorde

and proceeded along the Rue de Rivoli, their destination being the Eastern Railroad station, thence to the troops.

Reports reach Paris that the German soldiers captured complain of lack of food. If what I'm told by well-informed Frenchmen is so, the French commissariat has been admirably organized, and special attention has been paid to the army's nourishment. The outfitting of the soldiers as they respond to the call at the barracks is effected with surprising speed. In twenty minutes a man can be stripped of his civilian clothes, given a bath and fully equipped to join his regiment for a three days' march. At the several barracks so used in Paris four hundred men can thus be transformed into soldiers in an hour.



An American paper dated July 31 came this morning. It has an editorial telling its readers that a European war is impossible; that the millions of Socialists in Europe would refuse to take up arms against their brethren of other nations! A beautiful dream! Still it is interesting, inasmuch as a copy of *The Zeitung of Cologne* which got to Paris by underground transit yesterday gives the speech of the Socialist leader, Haase, in the Reichstag. It may not have been printed in America, so I quote parts of it:

"It is Imperialism which has put the whole world under arms and is driving people against people and pouring a torrent of blood over Europe. It is the advocates of Imperialism who must bear before the world the full responsibility. We Socialists have fought against this policy of Imperialism, as have our brethren in France. Our efforts have failed. Now that our country is threatened by invasion, nothing remains but to defend our frontiers. But we have a right to think with sor-

row of the millions of our compatriots who, in spite of themselves, are dragged into the catastrophe!" (Ovation.)

Thereupon Mr. Haase cast his vote for the war appropriation. A few weeks ago he was sitting side by side with the slain Juarez at the Brussels International Social Peace Congress. Meanwhile half the staff of Juarez' newspaper, Humanite, are at the front shooting down their German brothers!



As I close this desultory letter for the post—hoping it will reach England, with which fairly regular communication has been re-established by way of Boulogne, and catch the American boat from Liverpool on Saturday, August 15—the evening papers are appearing. They contain the official press agents' communication. Nothing new in it! Nothing from Mulhouse! Nothing from the center of the line! Nothing from Belgium! But the Paris public has resigned itself to this lack of news. It seems to have entire confidence in the good faith of the Government, in the wisdom of its withholding information regarding military movements and, above all, in the leadership of the Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Joffre, "the silent."

You stop for a *petit tasse* at the little zinc bar down the street where presides the wife in the absence of her fighting husband. Like all her sister Frenchwomen she views the future bravely. Not a murmur of regret!

"The big battle is either going on or will soon be on," she quietly remarks.

"Will he be in it?" you ask.

"How can I know?" she responds. "If he is he will fight like a Frenchman—like every other Frenchman. Yes, mon-

sieur, it will be a big battle, I'm sure. But you can't make an omelet without breaking the eggs!"

And that homely proverb better than anything else expresses the feeling of the women of France who have so cheerfully seen husbands, sons, fathers and sweethearts gird on their swords or shoulder their muskets and start for the front.



Late this evening came the news that the English had landed on the Continent. It will not be generally known until the morning's papers announce it. The Parisians received the news with what might be described as well-tempered enthusiasm, especially as with it came the news that the Germans had asked for an armistice at Liege. But there was no excitement, no demonstration; only a comfortable feeling of satisfaction. As the editor of a big Paris paper said to me half an hour ago:

"Tout va admirablement"—"Everything is proceeding admirably."

That was all. No boasting! No blustering! Everywhere calmness, self-restraint, confidence that everything possible is being done in the face of the situation. No one hears anything more about party differences, although a few weeks ago the Chamber of Deputies was a bear garden, a Donnybrook Fair; every little faction ready to jump at the throat of the other.

The story goes that the German Crown Prince was in Paris within the past month incognito and stayed at the Hotel Astoria (whose German manager, by the way, is said to have been a spy) and that he took back the news to his august parent that France was on the eve of another revolution and now was the psychological moment for Germany to act.

How sadly he and his parent were deceived! In spite of the acquittal of Mme. Caillaux for the murder of Gaston Cal-

mette, editor of *The Figaro*; in spite of the assassination (by a crazy man) of the famous Socialist deputy Juarez; in spite of all the bitter political battles of recent years, to-day France is absolutely one party—the party of the *Patrie*. Even the members of former reigning families, to whom the law forbids the privilege, have begged to be allowed to serve under the flag, and it was with evident regret that President Poincaré was compelled to decline the proffer of their swords.



Seventy-five per cent. of the Paris newspapers have ceased publication. Most of those still being issued have been reduced to one sheet; many to a half sheet. No news is published that is not first submitted to the War Office. The small sheets are due to the fact that the staffs of writers and printers have been mobilized and that the price of raw paper has materially advanced. In many cases only the "old timers," the office boy and the "printers' devil" are left to get out the paper.

Incidentally I may remark that there is plenty to eat in Paris and elsewhere in France. There has been hardly any advance in the price of the necessities of life. The police will close any shop that increases prices unreasonably. The supply of potatoes alone is enough to feed Paris for six months. The only thing that bothers Americans who have crowded into this city is the want of cash.

III.

*General French's Visit to Paris—Funeral of Pol Plancon—
Victor Hugo's Home Revisited—Reawakening of Ver-
sailles—The Stolen Clocks of 1870.*

PARIS, SUNDAY, Aug. 16, 1914.



TWO weeks since the first day of mobilization and Paris would seem perfectly normal to any stranger happening to arrive to-day. I took a spin around the eastern section of this city Sabbath morning on my bicycle—a bicycle left by an unfortunate German, a hotel messenger who was glad to get twenty francs for it and which is very useful, seeing that the two-cent buses are still being used by the army. Everything looked as usual on a warm summer Sunday morning.

The churches, perhaps, were better attended than ordinarily. Notre Dame, decorated within and without with the tricolor, was literally packed. Cardinal Amette was officiating. There was comparatively little bustle around the Lyons-Mediterranean railroad station, while at the Eastern and Northern Railroad station, where the trains carry troops to Belgium and the German frontier, things were remarkably quiet. Many of the side streets were crowded with the customary pushcarts, and the purchase of supplies for the day's luncheon and dinner by the housewives of the working classes was proceeding with the same seriousness as ever, prices of fruit and vegetables and meat suggesting anything but war.

No one can predict what may happen before this letter

reaches The Evening Sun office, but I can assure you that at this writing on this August Sunday, apart from the absence of the auto buses, there is little to suggest the fact that within a few hundred miles more than a million Frenchmen, Belgians and English on one side and an equal number of Germans and Austrians on the other are either now or about to be engaged in what we are told by the war experts will be the most tremendous battle the world has ever known.



The eve of this battle was the occasion of a great demonstration in honor of the English Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Sir John French. His visit to Paris yesterday was well timed. It was Assumption Day and a general holiday. All Paris seemed to have turned out to acclaim him. When he arrived at the North station shortly after midday the interior was packed, while more than 20,000 persons filled the square in front and overflowed into the adjoining streets.

I well remember the crowd that greeted Bleriot, the aviator, when he returned from England after having flown over the Channel. I thought that that was a crowd not to be exceeded in enthusiasm. But the greeting of Gen. French surpassed it many times. It was with the greatest difficulty that his automobile could escape. The crowds were ready to pick it up and carry it on their shoulders! All along the line to the British Embassy there was one continuous "Hip! hip! hooray! Vive French! Vive la France! Vive l'Angleterre!"

Two English officers who accompanied Gen. French later in the day innocently dismounted from a taxi at the Cafe de Paix. Instantly at sight of their khaki uniform the crowd at the cafe made a mad rush at them, hugged them and kissed them and cheered them. Imagine two big blonde Britishers being sub-

jected to such an ordeal! They blushed like children. Brave as they may be in face of the enemy, they simply wilted before the assault of their French friends. After no little difficulty they were extricated from what to them was a most embarrassing situation by some practical American, bundled into a cab and sent off with wild hurrahs. Gen. French's visit has in a way been a fortunate incident; it has given the Parisians an opportunity of relieving their feelings, of giving expression to themselves after the fifteen days of restraint which they have imposed upon their emotions.



Half past eight in the morning two days ago found me outside the little Church of St. Pierre de Chaillot a few blocks west of the Champs Elysees. The portal was simply draped in black. Entering I found the altar lit and perhaps two dozen persons seated. Leaning against a column in the rear I saw some one whose figure and face were familiar. There were tears in his eyes. Approaching, I realized that it was none other than Jean de Reszke. Need I admit it? We embraced.

"Sad?" he repeated. "Ah, sad indeed! War was no sooner declared than my only boy, twenty-four years of age, took the first train from our summer home in Deauville to volunteer. He, like myself, is a Russian subject, but as he could not go to Russia he would fight with the French and now he is a cuirassier. His mother is heartbroken. And now this morning we are here at the funeral of this dear old friend and comrade."

As M. De Reszke finished these words the funeral cortege arrived and soon, before the altar, lay all that was mortal of that splendid artist, never to be forgotten by those who have heard him—Pol Plancon.

The ceremony was simple and brief. I heard the beautiful bass voice of a Monsieur Mary sing a Miserere and I thought of the delight of the audiences on Sunday nights at the Metropolitan Opera House when, responding to their sincere applause, Plancon would sing "Les Deux Grenadiers" as no one I have ever heard could sing it. Many who read this will recall it. Can't you feel again the thrill he gave you when at the close he would throw up his arms and the words would come from his lips (Oh, what splendid diction was his!) as from a clarion:

"Marchons! Marchons!

Qu'un sang impure

Abreuve nos sillons!"

I recalled also the night of the Metropolitan Opera when poor old Castlemary, the French basso, dropped dead at the end of the first act of "Martha." Jean de Reszke was his close friend, and I was sent to see him after the tragic event. "My dear fellow," said M. de Reszke on that occasion, "Castlemary was such an artist that he simply could not die till the curtain had fallen."

And perhaps one might say that Plancon was such a patriot that he could not die till he had heard that the French were once more in Alsace!



It was only a peep that I took into Notre Dame this morning, I must confess. Nevertheless I didn't quite neglect my religious duties. A few minutes later found me in the quiet Place des Vosges, as yet an unspoiled bit of older Paris—Paris of Catherine de Medici and Henry IV., whose thrifty sense inspired him to erect the uniform dwelling houses which surrounded the parklet. A house at the southeast corner was

my destination, but the big door was closed hard and fast. No response to repeated ringing. After ten minutes' waiting I was about to wheel off when I saw running toward me a slim, elderly man with a kindly face.

"What can I do for you, monsieur? The musee is closed during the war."

"A mistake, don't you think?" I replied. "If any musee in France should be open just now it should be the house of Victor Hugo."

The concierge's eyes brightened—then dampened.

"Perhaps you are right, monsieur, but those are my orders. I'm very sorry I can't show you around."

"Well, you can do one little thing for me. I remember seeing and reading a Golden Text written in Hugo's handwriting and hanging on the wall when I was here some years ago—I want to copy it and keep it."

"I know what you want, monsieur," interrupted the concierge. "Come into my room. I can repeat it to you—in English!"

I did, and here it is:

"I represent a party that does not exist—the Party of Revolutionary Civilization. This party will control the Twentieth Century. Out of it will grow first the United States of Europe and then the United States of the World."

A Golden Text! A Golden Dream!



Have you ever been to Versailles on any day other than those Sundays when the "Big Waters" play—days when Parisians flock there by the thousands? If you have you remember its deserted air, its silent streets, its rows of houses with windows tightly closed, its walled garden whence hardly a

sound issues. You should see it these war days! Paris may suggest little of what is going on at the front, but Versailles—that's another story! As a lyric French journalist put it, "Like the Sleeping Beauty whom Prince Charming awakens, Versailles has shaken off her sleep at the sound of the hymns of war." Everywhere soldiers, everywhere uniforms, everywhere cavaliers mounted on horses that seem to sniff the battle from afar. Beneath the tall trees of the Boulevard de la Reine, along the Avenue de Saint Cloud to the Trianon, soldiers and horses, nothing but soldiers and horses! And what magnificent animals one sees there—thick necked Norman horses, sturdy Percherons for the artillery service especially winning your admiration, all ready for the frontier.

The military staff occupies the Hotel Vatel. Every private citizen has his quota of soldiers billeted to him. The villas with gardens are turned over to the officers. Alongside of the Trianon a captain of artillery is exercising his men. Here and there Red Cross women come and go. In the center of all stands the great chateau, its windows all closed, awaiting the cry of "Victory!" to be reopened. Meanwhile apart in the park around the huge basins of the famous fountains children romp or throw pebbles into the water or sail their tiny toy boats, little knowing the fate that to-day or to-morrow may befall their fathers or big brothers.



A few days ago I said goodbye to Robert Fayou, one of three brothers of Mademoiselle Jaqueline of New York. His younger brother, Maurice, had already gone to the front; his other brother, Henri, will start in a few days.

"I'm an automobile expert," said Robert, "and I have been put in charge of forty men and twenty ammunition trucks. I

shall in a day or two make my first trip to the frontier. Incidentally I'll tell you that I have one special ambition."

"And what may that be?" I asked, as I saw a twinkle in his eye.

"I want to bring those twenty trucks back to Paris some time, loaded with all the French clocks that the Germans stole from us in the war of 1870."

It still rankles in the Parisians' breasts—that feeling engendered by the wholesale theft of clocks. They feel here very much as my former fellow townsmen of Baltimore used to feel toward Ben Butler, who with his men was always accused by Baltimoreans of having stolen all the silver spoons they could lay their hands on in the Maryland metropolis.



If a soldier loses his life his family is informed of the fact by the receipt of the medal or plaque bearing his name, address and regiment which he wears clasped on his wrist after joining the command and the brief announcement, "Dead on the field of honor." This is spoken of as "receiving the medal." Two days ago a woman of lowly means who lives near a friend of mine and whose husband had gone to the front, leaving her with five children, all under twelve years of age, gave birth to twins.

That evening she "received the medal."

"War is Hell!" said General Sherman. He knew!

IV.

Waiting for a Twentieth Century Edition of Waterloo—How Maurice Renaud Went to the Front—The Theatre Situation—The End of Absinthe in France.

PARIS, WEDNESDAY, August 19. 1914.



HERE we are waiting—still waiting for the big battle that is promised up near Waterloo. Less and less news is dealt out at the War Department, yet the Parisian population accepts the situation without complaint. No English newspapers reach us, but we are told that the censorship of the press as regards military matters is quite as severe as in France. An Italian paper arrives occasionally.

I found a copy of *The Secolo* of Milan to-day, five days old. If its account of the fighting at Muelhausen is authentic it was a bloody affair. The correspondent writing from Basle estimated the losses on both sides in killed and wounded at close on ten thousand men. And that, judging from the report of Generalissimo Joffre—in his first despatch of the war issued yesterday—is merely a beginning of the slaughter we may expect from now on.

This despatch, by the way, is very characteristic. As I said, it is the first official utterance of the head of the French army. Clear, simple, concise, it suggests that other silent man of war, Grant. His temperate but positive tone, closing, "Generally speaking during the past few days we have scored important successes which do honor to our troops, whose ardor is incom-

parable, and to the officers who lead them to battle," has made a deep impression on the public mind. The confidence felt in Gen. Joffre is universal.

It is interesting to recall that only last year, while addressing an assembly of graduates of the Ecole Polytechnique, he outlined the principles which he is putting into practice to-day:

"To be ready to-day," said he on that occasion, "we must have beforehand directed with method, with tenacity, all the resources of the country toward one single object—victory! We must have everything organized, everything foreseen. We must have all the material, armament, munitions, tools of war, commissary supplies, of which the army may have need, constantly complete and in the very best condition."

Then he added: "Once hostilities have commenced no improvisation can have any value. What is missing then is missing once and for all, and the smallest deficiency or defect may cause a disaster."

Such are the principles which inspire the man to whom the French nation looks to lead it to victory; the man whose motto is: "Say what you want to say—say it and then be silent!"



A tall, handsome man, hair snow white, face clean shaven, age about fifty-five years, carefully but simply dressed, walked into the antechamber of General Michel, Military Governor of Paris, a few days ago. Handing his card to the orderly at the door he asked that it be sent in to the General. A few minutes later a young officer appeared.

"Is this Monsieur Renaud?"

"It is."

"Monsieur Maurice Renaud of the Opera?"

"The same."

"Delighted to meet you? You wish to see the General? Come in at once."

And Maurice Renaud was soon in the presence of the military head of the City of Light.

"What can I do for you, Monsieur Renaud?" asked the General.

"I wish to go to the front," was the great baritone's calm response.

There was a moment of silence. Then Gen. Michel took Monsieur Renaud by both hands, replying:

"My friend, I congratulate you. May you do yourself and your country honor."

Next day Maurice Renaud started at 5 a. m. for Verdun in the uniform of a private soldier—Renaud, the elegant, the debonair. One of the last to shake hands with him at the station was his faithful acolyte, Paolo Ananian, the Armenian basso of the Metropolitan Opera. Verdun is at the frontier. Renaud is likely to be in the thick of the fighting. He didn't have to go, but he wanted to atone for a foolish youthful escapade which caused him to evade part of his military service many years ago. And if you knew Renaud as I do, and knew how he loved the good things of life, not to mention his affection for his family, you would join with me, removing your hat, in exclaiming:

"Bravo, Maurice! You are a brave man and an honor to your Art! May you win even more laurels on the battlefield than you have won on the stage, to which you have been an honor!"

Other but younger French operatic artists known in New York are also on the firing line, among them M. Muratore, tenor, husband of Lina Cavalieri, Campagnola, Vanni Marcoux, Clement and Leon Rothier, the French basso of the Metropolitan.

Although in London and Brussels the theatres are reported to be going on as usual, here in Paris all are closed except a few moving picture houses. The sentiment, however, is growing that the public should have some diversion. The Parisian women are occupied during the day with their Red Cross work, but in the evening as the cafes close at eight o'clock and the eating places at nine thirty o'clock there is little or nothing to do but stroll the boulevards for an hour and then retire to one's apartment. No one is doing much entertaining these days, you may be assured; but the custom seems to be spreading of friends holding "pound parties"—like those that they used to get up for the clergymen in a country town in America—each guest bringing something nice to eat to share with all the others. This isn't a bad form of diversion, but the Parisian is a theatregoer and that form of amusement seems more or less necessary to his or—especially—her enjoyment of life.

A movement is now under way to organize some sort of theatrical season during which decently amusing or patriotically stimulating plays may be revived or produced. If possible some good concerts may be organized, for up to the present nobody makes any music in Paris. I have a piano in my room but fear even to play "The Marseillaise" on it. A young music student I know shuts all the windows, draws heavy curtains and then, during the noisiest part of the day, practises her scales and exercises with a soft pedal. The newspapers are cautiously suggesting that this is not the best sort of conduct for the public health of mind. M. Gheusi of the Opera Comique told me that he thinks he may be able to organize a season of two or three performances a week at his house, the profits to be turned over to the Red Cross or some other benevolent funds. As the grand opera was in a crisis when the war broke out, any move on the part of the new director, M. Jacques Rouche, would seem impossible. However, before very

long it would seem that there may be some signs of life in the Parisian theatrical world.



In line with the suggestion that public amusements is a reasonable necessity in such times comes the suggestion by Figaro that it is the duty of Parisiennes, who can afford it, to order new hats and gowns as usual so that the Rue de la Paix and its "big and little hands" who have, in their way, contributed so much to the name and fame of France may not be allowed to suffer for want of work. Many of these "big and little hands," many of the bright, happy-faced "midinettes," the "Mimi Pinsons" whom we have been accustomed to see at noon time hurrying to the cook shops or the little "one-franc-fifteen déjeuner" restaurants, laughing and chatting, don't know where their next sou is coming from, these terrible days. Many of them have seen fathers, brothers or sweethearts leave for the war and are now the main support of their mothers or smaller brothers and sisters.

So it is to be hoped that Figaro's sage suggestion may bear fruit and that day by day at noon and seven o'clock we shall see more and more of our little friends the "midinettes" who are so peculiar and picturesque a feature of Parisian life.



Out of evil good may come. The war has caused the prefects of Police of Paris and many other cities in France to forbid absolutely the sale of absinthe. This action has been so heartily indorsed by the press and intelligent public that it is hoped by every friend of France that the prohibition will be permanent. Fact is that the new generation with its devotion

to sport is cultivating habits of temperance that verge on total abstinence. Indeed in many cases it is considered "chic" to drink nothing but mineral water.



Although "officially" the hospitals and improvised hospitals—"ambulances" they call the latter—in Paris are reserved for "sick" soldiers, it is an open secret that many thousands of wounded, both German and French, are being treated in and near Paris. Apropos of this fact it is interesting to note the results recently published of the work of the medical forces in the Greek army organized by a Frenchman, Dr. Arnaud. During the war with Turkey the Greeks had 15,969 wounded, of whom only 271 died—1.19 per cent. In the second Greek war the wounded were 24,139, of whom 350 died—1.45 per cent. The average percentage therefore was only 1.32, which is declared to be "the smallest mortality ever recorded as the result of wounds in warfare." The French surgeons hope to obtain equally satisfactory results during the present war.



Has any one told the story of the "crazy train?"

A few days after the beginning of the war—so the story goes—seven hundred Uhlans were made prisoners in the following manner: The Alsatian engineer was taking them to the frontier. When he got near the station, which was a short distance from the frontier, he saw that the "siding" switch was not open. So instead of slowing up he put on full steam and never stopped till he had reached the first station on the French side of the line! Then he jumped off the locomotive and shouted:

"Here we are! You can make me prisoner now! I'm in my own country! Vive la France!"

The French soldiers made a quick job of the business. They took as prisoners Uhlans, horses, equipment and the train into the bargain! The provincial paper which tells the story says that the Uhlans didn't seem to feel so very badly when they found they were only prisoners, as they were all very hungry and glad to get something to eat.



And here are two good French aviator stories:

One aviator, short of essence, had to land in the enemy's territory. He was refitting his reservoir when he saw a German patrol. He continued his work so quietly that the Germans stopped short about six hundred feet without firing, fearing that some trap had been set for them. The reservoir filled, our aviator started the engine and flew off on his way. Then it was the Germans realized they had been fooled and began firing. Too late! The aviator and his machine were out of reach and recrossed the frontier safe and sound.

Here is the other, said to be well vouched for. Capt. X., a cavalry officer and military aviator, returning from a long reconnoissance found the motor out of order when fifteen miles across the frontier. Descending he saw that it could not be repaired. Just then appeared galloping toward him a lieutenant of Uhlans, followed by his men. In a flash he broke the tube of his essence reservoir and stood erect, motionless, before his apparatus. When the German officer reached him Capt. X. smashed his skull with a blow of his pistol, set fire to the aeroplane soaked with essence, jumped on the German lieutenant's horse and dashed off at a gallop, vainly pursued by the Uhlans, whose horses were not in the same class as that of their officer.

V.

Enthusiasm of Foreign Volunteers—A Polish Jew from New York Offers Himself—Reawakened Popular Interest in Napoleon's Tomb—Sudden Change of Sentiment.

PARIS, MONDAY, Aug. 24, 1914.



ALL we know is that it is going on—the long awaited big battle in Belgium. Doubtless for good and sufficient reasons the government “communiques” keep us in entire ignorance as to details. Yesterday, however, the city was swept by a wave of pessimism. Perhaps that word is too strong; let me say depression. The news of the entry of the Germans into Brussels and the levy of a war contribution upon that city and Liege of fifty million dollars was not very cheering. There was a feeling, too, that something else had not gone as it should. One or two papers hinted that there had been reverses in Lorraine.

The evening papers revealed the painful fact that in Lorraine a regiment of troops from the south of France had disgraced itself by precipitous retreat before the enemy. That happened three days ago. Doubtless by this time they have been severely punished by being sent right to the front. However, the afternoon papers offset this by giving large prominence to the news of the Russian advance, the destruction of another Zeppelin and the prompt offer of England and France of a loan of one hundred million dollars to brave little Belgium. So that in the evening there was a revival of spirits, and the

crowds that promenaded the boulevards and Champs Elysees until eleven o'clock were visibly more normal than earlier in the day. Remarkable is the effect upon the individual mind when the public mind is centered on one subject. In spite of yourself, in such times as these your mind becomes part and parcel of the collective mind; and I cite the foregoing facts chiefly to give you an idea of the emotional life that each and all of us, French and foreigners, are living in these days of tension in Paris.



Saturday I wheeled over to the Invalides. If you have ever seen the vast esplanade reaching out to the Seine and the beautiful Alexander Bridge, beyond which stand the Grand and Petit Palais, you will remember what a comparatively tranquil spot it usually is. You should see it now. Automobiles of every description are lined up at one end for examination in case of requisition. The other end is crowded with groups of foreigners offering their services as volunteers. Nearly fifty thousand of such have already asked to go to the front. Almost every nationality—Germans and Austrians excepted—is represented. Each group gathers around the flag of its nation, beside which are found two or three leaders. I noticed one flag I had never seen before—a beautiful flag of magenta, with silver fringe, and bearing as a device a crowned silver eagle. Inquiry revealed that it was the Polish flag. I noticed many Jewish faces among the young men who had rallied to it.

"Where are you from?" I asked one in French.

He saw my little American ribbon on my coat and replied:

"Talk to me in English. I only arrived from New York a few weeks ago."

"And you are a Pole?"

"Yes, I am a Polish Jew," he answered. "And there are thousands of us who want to fight for France because we will then be fighting for a free Poland. I've heard it said that Jews don't want to fight. But, sir, they will fight when they feel they have a just cause to fight for."

"And the Czar and Jewish freedom in Greater Russia—how about that?"

"Well, that would be the greatest move the Czar could make. Let him grant that, and he will have no more loyal subjects than the Russian Jews. But just now we are thinking of what a free Poland may mean. If we get that we'll take a chance on the rest."

Just as I was leaving this young man a venerable, white-haired Frenchman who overheard the conversation addressed me in English.

"Isn't it splendid," he exclaimed. "How I wish I were young enough to go. Would you believe it, I joined the American Confederate army when I was nineteen and fought under Gen. Breckinridge! And how well I remember those four years! That was real fighting, too. I came here to see the American volunteers."

But the American volunteers were organizing elsewhere. Just then a cheer arose from the crowd around the Italian colors. A line was being formed which, headed by the Italian and French standards, proceeded about five hundred strong into the grounds and then the Court of the Invalides, there to be examined by the medical corps. The esplanade rang with cheers, and then everybody joined in the "Marseillaise." Of interest is the fact that fifty per cent. of the Russians are rejected by the doctors; thirty-two per cent. of the Poles, eleven per cent. of the Italians and four per cent. of the English. So far no American who has offered his services has been turned

down. The latter, I understand, who number about one hundred and fifty, will be sent to Rouen.



I didn't leave the neighborhood without paying a visit to Napoleon's tomb, the first in many years. I never saw such a crowd there before; and it was altogether a French crowd. What chiefly attracted them was the first German flag captured in Alsace. It was displayed from the organ loft of the chapel behind the tomb. Beneath it, gazing upward, stood men, women and children in silence, as though it were a sanctified relic. How bright and new it looked when compared with the scores of Napoleonic trophies of the kind that elsewhere decorated the chapel, some of them almost in rags, all of them faded and century old; a collection to which almost every nation in Europe had unwillingly contributed. Useless to attempt to describe one's feelings at such a time in such a place. And I'm not ashamed to say the tears came to my eyes as I shook hands with the veteran who is the special guardian of the newly acquired trophy—an old warrior who had seen service in the Crimean War.

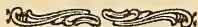
Americans who know the Grand Palais only as the home of art would be surprised to see it now. It has been transformed into a gigantic barracks, and at present is occupied by two thousand marine fusiliers.



No doubt you know that Monsieur Caillaux has been appointed Paymaster-General of the army. The newspapers generally have not given any great prominence to the fact, and I find my French friends have no desire to discuss the appoint-

ment. Needless to say, it hasn't left a very good taste in the public mouth. The Figaro disposed of it in a manner that is worth recording. At the head of its column of "Echoes" yesterday was this brief paragraph:

"A nomination as officer on the services of the General Staff has recently been made which has awakened among our friends the most lively indignation. We didn't wish to speak of it. We shall not speak of it. We realize that NOTHING in the present hour should distract the soul of France from the one and only Thought, the one and only Object. And we would not now have referred to the nomination were it not to thank our friends and beg them to believe, once for all, that to be silent is not to forget."



VI.

Paris Bears Up Under Bad News—American Volunteers Off for Their Depot—Effect on the Public Mind of "Kitchener Tonic"—The Ministry Changed and Strengthened.

PARIS, THURSDAY, Aug. 27, 1914.



WHEN I wrote you last Monday afternoon I think I told you—in these emotional days it is impossible to remember what one wrote or said three or four days before—that we knew something was going on in Belgium. By nightfall while I was strolling with the crowd in the cool of the Champs Elysees I met Judge Alfred Seligsberg, attorney for the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. We compared notes and agreed that the emotional barometer was mounting.

"I have just learned from a friend of a French officer," said Judge Seligsberg, "that the Allies have successfully encircled the Germans and that things are going favorably for the French and English." Evidently this was the report circulating and it explained the improvement in popular sentiment.

Tuesday morning brought a rude awakening. The Government was unusually explicit in its account of the failure of the Allies to defeat the Germans. What a fall in the emotional barometer! I don't know when I have felt such a day of depression. There were tears in the eyes of the woman in the little tobacco shop where I buy my two-cent "war cigars." The usually cheery smile on the plump face of the "patronne" of the little zinc bar where I stop to get a four-cent cup of coffee

had disappeared as if forever. The little old woman and her daughter who keep the kiosk in the boulevard near the Grand Cafe had lost their Gallic garrulity and handed me my papers with hardly a word. So it was all along in the shops, on the streets—everywhere gloomy faces, taciturnity, unwillingness to discuss the situation. And this continued throughout the day. So that at night when you retired you felt a nervous exhaustion that could be attributed to nothing else than the sympathetic response for which you were continually called upon by the sadness depicted on the face of every Parisian you encountered.



It was Tuesday afternoon, by the way, that the hundred or more American volunteers left for Rouen. They were just entering the St. Lazare Station as I wheeled up. The Stars and Stripes were waving beside the Gallic tricolor and the yard in front of the station was crowded with Americans who had come to bid them "Godspeed." Women showered them with flowers and men shook them by the hands. They were a well set-up lot of fellows and ought to be able to give a good account of themselves. Few of them were known to me, but just at the last moment a blond, athletic chap, with rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes, hailed me:

"Hello, old man! Don't you know me?"

"Surely I do," said I, "but for the moment your name"——

"Why, I'm Casey! You've handled my 'copy' many a time," said he.

And of course I remembered. "And you're going to the front?" I said.

"Certainly," he replied. "I've been at work here for several years. I've a lot of awfully nice French friends. They've

all gone—I can't stay behind. So off I'm going! Goodby! Remember me to all the boys you know that I know"——

And off went Casey! I don't know where he will be when this letter reaches New York. But Casey never "welched" on an "assignment." I'm sure he'll "cover" this one.

Burn a candle for Casey!



Presto! Change! Wednesday morning! What's all this? I stroll down the Rue des Capucines from my hotel to the Boulevard. I make my usual rounds. The "little people" who were so much "in the dumps" the day before have all changed their faces! The emotional barometer has taken a jump. The cochers snap their whips with more of an air. Pedestrians move with a livelier step. I hear a joke cracked from time to time and wherefore. I open my papers and find displayed conwoman and her little girl greet me cheerily.

"Ca va mieux, monsieur!"—"Things are going better, sir!" she says.

"Evidently!" I reply, and I begin to investigate the why and I hear some one laugh every now and then. My paper spicuously Gen. Kitchener's clear, concise, confident speech in the British House of Lords. "Kitchener tonic" had done the business! It was the text of dozens of French editorials and the effect was marvellous. It was so potent that even the influx of refugees from Belgium, pouring in at the North Railroad Station all day long by the hundreds—women old and young, children in their teens and at the breast, old men and little boys, all with tales of flaming farmhouses and barbarous outrages—things almost unbelievable—failed to shake the spirit of confidence which the Kitchener declaration had restored.

This feeling of confidence in the final result is still dominant to-day. The Government is keeping us in the dark as to the progress of events in Belgium. We have no idea what is happening. Judge for yourself how we must feel, knowing that within a hundred miles of us is in progress such a battle as the world has never before known, when all the Government would tell us that afternoon was this:

"Yesterday's events in the region of the north have in no degree compromised or modified the disposition made in view of the ulterior development of the operations."



But Paris accepts this enigmatic announcement with resignation, especially as it was preceded by the announcement of the reorganization of the Ministry into what has been hailed as a "National Ministry," in which all party lines are lost. The inclusion of two Socialist leaders, Jules Guesde and Marcel Sembat, is of the greatest importance. Time and again Guesde has maintained that no Socialist could consistently become a member of a bourgeois Ministry. He said to-day that the only thing that justified his acceptance of the office is that he enters it not to govern, but to fight. "Were I younger," said he, "I would take a gun, for it is the cause of humanity itself that we are defending!" Notable is the fact that Messimy is replaced as Minister of War by Millerand who did so much a year or more ago to revitalize the French army. Notable also is the replacement of General Michel, Military Governor of Paris, by General Gallieni—much to the comfort of the population.



The mild agitation in favor of reopening a limited number of theatres in Paris has died out. Paris evidently is not seek-

ing amusement. Nearly every person has a dear one either at the front or on the way there.



Though theatrical amusements are lacking, there is no shortage of good food, well cooked, in Paris. The markets generally are normal. Fruit and vegetables never were cheaper in Paris. Out at the abattoir yesterday I saw acres of cattle, but I understand that the wholesale price of veal has gone up near ten cents a pound since mobilization began. This was due in large measure to transportation difficulties. The price is coming down again.

It is the horse meat market that is suffering most. Usually Paris slaughters about two hundred horses a day. Now it is killing barely a hundred, the number decreasing steadily. Horse meat will soon be a luxury! You see so many horses have been taken by the Government just as harvest time was coming on, that the farmers find it better to keep their "old nags" and hire them to neighbors when not using them themselves, than sell them to the butchers. So meanwhile we shall have to worry along with an ordinary *filet de bœuf*!



VII.

German Aeroplanes Drop Bombs on Paris—The Population's Nerves a Bit Shaken—Alarming Reports About the Proximity of the Enemy—Ambassador Herrick a Popular Hero—Our Diplomatic Service.

PARIS, WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, Sept. 2. 1914.



WHAT days we are passing through! Days that try the nerves, that test one's sangfroid! Just a month ago the mobilization began. I think I told you how suddenly the aspect of Paris changed on that momentous occasion, told you of the hurry and bustle in the streets, the rush for horse cabs and auto taxis, heightened by the mysterious disappearance of the thousands of autobuses so familiar to visitors; the rush for the railroad stations and the immense crowds there gathered to bid goodby to the soldiers hurrying off to join their regiments; the cheery—I may also say gay—spirit with which the men departed singing, hurrahing, every one eager for the fray.

In some respects the past few days have not been unlike that opening day. The activity at the railroad stations is quite as great. Again there is an exodus. But although the crowd that is rushing to buy tickets for any and every departing train includes the territorial reserves—the men from thirty-eight to forty-eight years of age—and the youngsters of twenty who otherwise would not have been called until next month—a very large proportion consists of women and children—British and Americans seeking their native countries and Parisiennes whose

husbands, fathers, sons or other male relatives have left them for the front and who are going to join friends or relatives in the provinces.



Paris, I must confess—and Paris just now is principally feminine in its population—has had a bit of a scare. Paris, which usually has so many varied interests to divert its mind, is obsessed by one thought—war and its fortunes. The official communications of late have been so reticent, so vague, that all sorts of wild reports have been afloat to disturb the public equanimity. Last Sunday the emotional barometer was very low. To cap the climax a German aeroplane made its appearance. Every one was on the street to see it; many supposed it was a French machine. But when three bombs were dropped with the result that a little baker's wife was killed and five persons more or less seriously wounded, the population realized its peril from such agencies of the enemy and the only thing that prevented a possible attack of popular hysteria was the unfounded, though greedily received, report that the French had won a smashing victory in the north.



However, Paris managed to get a fairly good sleep that night, for every one turned in early. But nevertheless the next day was truly a "blue Monday." The reported big victory was a myth, a cruel deception, so that as one moved about one felt that the emotional tension was close to the breaking point. The rush for the trains was greater than ever. The Americans who had been booked for three boats sailing this week from Havre—the Flandre, the Touraine and the France—began to lose their heads. Few seemed willing to wait for the regular

"boat trains"; they were prepared to take any kind of a train —if they couldn't afford to pay from \$100 to \$200 to go by auto to Havre. Those that planned going to England found an unwillingness on the part of the British Consul to grant any more permits to foreigners to enter England. One lady whom I met in Boyd Neel's was willing to pay any money to get to Havre at once.

"I know what I'm talking about," said she, with the greatest emphasis. "I have it from Dr. ———, naming one of the most eminent physicians of Paris, "that the Government is going to be transferred to Bordeaux on Wednesday. The Germans are almost at our gates."

"Don't you think, my dear madame," said I, "that your mental condition is largely due to the little scare that the aeroplanes gave you yesterday, and the aviator's billet doux to Parisians telling them that there was nothing left them to do but surrender?"

"Not at all," she replied warmly. "Not at all! Dr. ——— knows President Poincare and War Minister Millerand, and he wouldn't deceive me." Then she asked: "You're not going to delay, are you?"

"Well," I replied, "this is Monday. My wife is booked on the Touraine for Thursday. The boat train starts at 9.33 a. m. I fully expect to put her on that train and send her safely out of Paris to Havre, after which I shall remain three or four days before leaving for Italy, where business calls me—though I'd rather stay here."

"Well," was the answer, "I suppose you know your own business!"

I'm quite sure that the good lady did not give me credit for ordinary human intelligence. I suppose she got her auto and is now in Havre enjoying much peace of mind and much more

discomfort of body waiting a week for the departure of her steamer.



It is now four o'clock Wednesday afternoon, and the Government is still doing business in Paris at the same old stand!



Don't imagine that I belittle the aeroplane bomb dropping. True, it was said that a police inspector in making his report Sunday afternoon simply stated that "some person or persons unknown had dropped from an aeroplane as yet unidentified some rubbish, thereby defiling the public highways contrary to the ordinances of the Municipal Council!" If not true, nevertheless, *ben trovato*, for every Parisian read it, and it is wonderful the inspiring effect on the Gallic mind of a bon mot in the most tragic moment.

So when late Monday afternoon another—or the same—celestial visitor was spied it really caused more curiosity than excitement. Two bombs were dropped—one near the Bank of France. No one was hurt; in fact only one exploded.

"The Germans expect to touch off the other when they get to Paris," laughed a gamin who told me about it.

Paris soon gets used to things! Didn't the Germans have a habit of plumping a shell on Paris from Mont Valerian every day at noon during the siege of '71, so regularly that every Parisian got the habit of setting his clock or watch by it? They are not so punctual with their aeroplane visits. Perhaps the idea is to keep Paris guessing and if possible create a general panic.

This general panic has not yet put in an appearance. The desire to send their women folk to places of absolute safety is only reasonable on the part of the men who are off fighting. Late yesterday afternoon, when I was spending four hours at the St. Lazare station getting a few trunks "checked," I heard what sounded like a very loud auto tire explosion. I ran into the crowded courtyard and learned that there had been a third aeroplane visitation. Three more bombs had been dropped. One of them fell just alongside the big department shop "Prin-temps," which every American woman who has been in Paris knows. Four persons were injured and one even killed—a woman, an old newspaper dealer from whom I had often bought a morning paper on my way to the St. Lazare station to bid departing friends *au revoir*.

It was after learning who had been the victim of yesterday's bomb dropping that I cabled a brief inquiry to The Evening Sun asking in very plain but emphatic language what the American Government intended doing about such an evident violation of the Hague Convention. Thousands of American women and children are still here wanting to get away, but as yet unable. Could any protest on our part against this mode of warfare be too strong? Is the Hague Convention another "chiffon"—another "shred of paper"?



"Still," said the cheerful Optimist, "you mustn't forget that there are over two million one hundred thousand people in Paris. It is therefore at least a 'two million to one shot' that you or I will be hit by a German aeroplane bomb. And don't you run more risk in the streets of New York when any moment a brick may fall off the top of a twenty-story building and crack you on the head? Cheer up, old fellow! The worst is a long way off!"

And then they went off to have a "high ball" at Tod Sloan's bar. They had several! And later on I thought I saw them coming out of Henry's. Perhaps I was mistaken!



Talking about "high balls"—I mean to say "bombs," let me give you a few statistics. When on January 5, 1871, the Germans from Meudon, Chatillon and other points in which they had established their batteries began to shell Paris they launched no less than two hundred or three hundred projectiles each night. It is said that even buildings flying the Red Cross flag were not spared—but that I hesitate to believe. It is a fact, however, that the first victims of the bombardment were several young boys in the dormitory of the St. Nicholas Boarding School, kept by the Christian Brothers.

Horrible as was that war—just as the killing of the baker's wife on Sunday and of my old woman newsdealer friend yesterday were horrible—Paris soon got used to the Prussian abuses. They thought it was a joke that it took three thousand five hundred projectiles from January 5 to January 28 to kill or injure (in many cases very slightly) only four hundred persons. The population then was one million eight hundred thousand.



Very soon after writing the foregoing I happened to stroll around to the Ritz in the Place Vendome. It was the most elegant morgue that I ever visited. All the Americans and English who are its mainstays in the summer time had gone. The last to leave were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lehr and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont, their destination being London, and Judge and Mrs. E. H. Gary, who were lucky enough to get out of Paris yesterday afternoon in an auto, for after six o'clock in the

evening no more autos were allowed to leave the city until further orders by the military governor. Judge Gary, I understand, left the affairs of the American Protective Committee in charge of Secretary Hermann Hartjes.

When I stepped out of the Ritz I found a great crowd had gathered in the Place Vendome which extended all the way up the Rue de la Paix to the Place de l'Opera. Every one was gazing skyward. "There it is! There it is!" one after another exclaimed. "And there's another—that little speck over the chimney pots!" Evidently the Germans were not going to disappoint. Nearer and nearer came the aeroplanes, bigger and bigger grew the crowd. Some thought they might be French machines, as there was talk of organizing a flotilla to attack the enemy's avions. It soon was evident that they were not French and at once every one began to wonder where the bombs would fall. One avion about three thousand feet aloft came right over the Place Vendome. Perhaps the bomb would drop there. This same avion took a dip and then went around the Tour Eiffel, where it was received with a hail of bullets from the guns specially mounted on that structure for such a purpose. It sped away, sailed over the Tuileries, where marines on the roof of the headquarters of the Minister of Justice, next to the Ritz, took several shots at it with mitrailleuses, whereupon it took a turn to the north over the Louvre and soon was out of sight. The companion avion hovered over the outskirts of the city and disappeared earlier. Just a while ago I heard that three bombs had been dropped near the Avenue du Maine, but don't know if any one was injured.



After dinner the report again spread that the Government was preparing to leave Paris. I heard that there was unusual

activity at the Elysee—the French “White House”—a few hours ago. Those who regard the move as likely tell me that it is merely a matter of prudence and convenience—that it really signifies nothing serious, as the real Government for the time being is the military Government. However, it doesn’t impress favorably the Americans here, who follow events closely. We can’t help feeling that, unless grave facts are being held back from the public, it is a little early in the game for President Poincaire and the Ministry to retire from Paris. And I am awaiting with keen interest to see what to-morrow’s issue of M. Clemenceau’s paper, *L’Homme Libre*, will have to say on the situation. The Old Tiger is not quite satisfied with the reorganized Ministry, and a friend of his admitted to me to-night that if the Government hurries away it will not increase the public’s confidence in its wisdom. As I said in a previous letter: Keep your eye on the Old Tiger; he’s one of the ablest and most practical political leaders in France in spite of all his crankiness and bitterness!



It is now eleven o’clock at night. The last half hour I spent strolling along the Boulevard from the Rue des Capucines to The *Matin* office. Almost a desert! Hardly a cab or auto to be had. The few that passed were occupied. Heaven knows what has become of them all! Two little groups of men were still discussing the aeroplanes on the Place de l’Opera, but that was the only sign of Paris life. So, too, late last night I took a drive up the Champs Elysee. Not a light except the almost full moon, which deepened the shadows of the trees, beneath which here and there sat little groups of men and women, while others strolled along the pathway like spectres. Off in the distance, at one end of the Arc de Triomphe loomed

gloomy, majestic, triste—if I may use a French word—it seemed to me. From time to time overhead or dancing on the early autumn foliage of the beautiful chestnut trees the flaming sword of the searchlight on top of the Automobile Club on the Place de la Concorde could be seen. It is not for me to attempt to describe that early September night in the Champs Elysee. I have given an outline, a very bare outline. I leave it to your imagination to fill in the details.



Before closing this rambling letter (to catch a possible American mail in the morning) I must ask The Evening Sun to let me say a few words on a very serious subject—the diplomatic service of the United States.

Now, to my limited intelligence, if we have learned anything from this damnable war it is the imperative necessity of maintaining that service on the very first grade—of at least trying to put it on a level with the diplomatic service of other nations of the first rank—of removing it absolutely and forever from internal party politics and permitting the capable and deserving men who enter it to devote their energy, intelligence and—may I emphasize it?—culture to the achievement of a career with the same seriousness and pertinacity with which a man devotes his life to the achievement of a career in the law, medicine, surgery or art. I have talked with hundreds of Americans who, when this “War of Nations” broke out, found themselves in almost every part of Europe. They had occasion to come in touch with our diplomatic representatives in many countries. I shall refrain from telling some of the things that have been told me by friends of whose truthfulness I have no doubt. Some of them were sad stories of official intellectual limitations and—tact.

But there is one man at least who looms large among all his colleagues—a man who has in every respect shown himself equal to the burden of responsibility thrust on him in these troublous times—a man of tact, of tireless energy, ready, resourceful, always reachable, always kindly and courteous, gifted with a sound, practical common sense, a man who knows men, dignified but always gracious, absolutely free from “pose,” the absolute antithesis of the “snob”—a strong, straightforward, unaffected American gentleman. No wonder the French people have learned to esteem so highly our Ambassador to France, the Hon. Myron T. Herrick. During this awful crisis he consented to retain the position from which American internal party politics had decreed his dislodgment, and he consented at no little cost. But every American that has come through Paris since war broke out thanks Divine Providence or Kindly Fate that Myron T. Herrick stuck to his job.



VIII.

How Paris Felt When the Germans Were Almost at Her Gates—Departure of the Government to Bordeaux—Wild Times at the Railroad Station.

FRIDAY NIGHT, Sept. 4, 1914.



THOUGHT the letter I wrote two nights ago would be my final Paris War Epistle to The Evening Sun readers. But here I am still perforce of business, which occasioned an extensive tour of the city to-day. So far I have not met any one who has seen a German in the Bois de Boulogne. We are pretty sure, however, that they are at Compiègne, and every one knows that preparations have been made for a possible siege.

To-night Paris is more than ever quiet. The electric signs disappeared some days ago, but now after nine o'clock nearly all the big electric globes that usually illuminate the boulevards are dark. While I was writing about the rumored intention of the Government to move to Bordeaux the transference was actually in progress, but the public remained in ignorance till the next morning. The move was accepted with serenity. Indeed, there was little or no adverse criticism. But it emphasized the seriousness of the situation and accelerated the exodus of Americans and English and Parisians who could afford to leave or who have relatives in the provinces outside of the war area.

Early to-morrow morning the "boat train" for the France (which carries this letter) will take away nearly all the Americans who have not definitely decided to stay here and see the

war through. Those that are staying fare quite comfortably because of Ambassador Herrick's determination not to leave Paris during the war. My old friend Beesel, who has been forty years an attache of the embassy, referred gracefully to Mr. Herrick's decision when he said to me: "Mr. Herrick is a worthy successor of my first chief, Elihu Washburn, who saw the war of 1870-71 through, and did himself proud thereby."



It is eleven o'clock, and a silence only now and then broken by the footfall of a passing policeman prevails on the Rue des Capucines. The Place de la Concorde, just around the corner from my little Hotel de Calais, is as gloomy as a graveyard. The Ritz hasn't a guest. We are better off, for there are two of us, my fellow guest being a Polish gentleman. A few days ago every room was taken. Our present manager, Mr. Nasi, is an Italian naturalized American, who used to work for James B. Regan at the Knickerbocker Hotel. He took charge the day of mobilization, nearly five weeks ago; his predecessor, Mr. Rumich,* a most competent and courteous man, who had lived in Paris eighteen years, suddenly disappeared. He was a German. It is generally believed in the hotel that the Belgians caught him in Brussels and shot him as a "suspect."

I shall never forget that morning of the mobilization. As usual we rang for our "petit dejeuner," but there was no response. Dressing, I descended to the dining room.

"No more coffee served upstairs in the morning," I was told. "All the old waiters have gone."

"To the frontier?"

"Of course—but to the wrong side. They were all Germans!"

And indeed it was the same thing in nearly all the other

*Arriving in New York, I was glad to learn that Mr. Rumich is alive and well in Dusseldorf.

Paris hotels, where of late years nothing was so rare as a French waiter. Manager Nasi, however, discovered a few, but none ever stayed very long, for one after another was called to the colors. A week ago the head waiter, Yves, a handsome and intelligent Gaul, suddenly disappeared. He had had a "hurry call" to join his artillery regiment at Vincennes. A fine chap he was. We haven't an idea where he is now. To-night as I was starting upstairs through the silent hall Francois, the omniscient concierge, bright-eyed and rosy cheeked, never tiring in his efforts to be helpful, always ready to answer any fool question that was put to him, remarked very quietly:

"Well, Monsieur, I'm leaving Paris before you. I've got my call for to-morrow. I hope to have a few hours to see that my widowed sister and her little ones at Versailles are comfortable. Perhaps I'll never see them again."

I like Francois very much. He has done a lot of nice things for me during the months I've been at this hotel. I won't tell you just how silly I must have looked when we took leave of one another. Suffice it to say that I reached my chamber feeling very sad indeed. I don't want to stay here very long after Francois has gone. Francois is only the concierge of a modest Paris hotel, but shaking hands with him to-night affected me as deeply as any other incident to which I have been a party in this damnable war.



The serenity with which the population seemed to-day to meet the situation was most marked. I see now that the departure of the Government at this time was a wise move; it took all the politicians and fight-dodging office holders—*embusques*, Mr. Clemenceau calls them—out of Paris; at the same time it precipitated the flight of the timorous and the hysterical. So

that the Parisians we see in the shops and on the streets to-day are those who are not afraid of the outcome, who don't believe the Germans will reach Paris, or who are ready to face the worst if it comes, without flinching. To use my old figure, I found the emotional barometer very steady to-day. English soldiers, whom we see here quite often, have been talking very cheerily about Compiègne, which leads the public to expect good news to-morrow or very soon after. The French seem quite proud of their English Allies, by the way, and British uniforms always attract a little crowd when they are seen on the boulevards. The newspapers help it along. For instance, here is a sample in this evening's *Intransigeant*:

"The English army which is north of Paris arouses the admiration of all who have seen it by its cleanliness, its bearing, its coolness in attacks. At daybreak all its men go bathing in the Oise. After the battle in which they took ten cannon from the Germans they immediately rushed for the river, and an eye-witness assures us that during their bath the most uproarious gaiety reigned."

The exodus of so many well-to-do and fashionable women who at the outset of hostilities were so active in organizing Red Cross and similar affairs has had its effect. Four weeks ago many women who offered their services were told that they were not needed. To-day, however, the authorities have put up posters calling for women to lend a helping hand in caring for the sick and wounded. I rather fear the visits of the German aeroplaning had a noxious effect on a lot of philanthropic enthusiasm.



By the way, we've had no German aeroplane visitation for two days. When it failed to arrive yesterday afternoon around

six o'clock I verily believe the Parisians were disappointed. They had grown used to it. It provided a "spectacle," and every good viewpoint was crowded with skygazers armed with opera glasses. The Butte Montmartre especially was sought, much to the delight of the little cafes up there who must have regarded the German avion as a heaven-sent messenger. Francois explained it when he remarked:

"You see, Monsieur, the 'Taube' has taken the place of the late afternoon aperitif. It's a splendid substitute for absinthe."



I think I had a unique ride to-day. Some thirty trunks, containing the costumes and personal effects of important artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company—Mme. Alda, Miss Farrar, Mme. Matzenauer, Mr. Amato and Mr. Ferrari-Fontana (all of whom are in Italy with the exception of Miss Farrar, who is in Munich)—had been left by them in Paris, their intention being to return here on their way back to New York. The question was how to get those trunks across the Atlantic. Impossible to ship them to Italy. Nor could the express companies risk a promise to get them over within any definite period. The France is sailing to-morrow morning; the trunks must go on her, or who could tell when they would go if the Germans got around to the Havre Railroad line? Director Grignon of the French line finally yielded to my plea; he consented to them being checked through on to-morrow's boat. But they must get to the station before seven o'clock. They got there, but they wouldn't if it hadn't been for a big two-wheeled charette a charbon. (As this has to do with Operatic Art I think "charette a charbon" sounds better than "coal cart.") It was the only conveyance to be had for love or money, but it served the purpose and I was quite proud of the energy and enthusiasm of the

grimy faced little French driver (My! but he was grimy!), who with an equally dirty comrade also helped handle the trunks, as I rode down the Champs Elysee into the Place de la Concorde and up to the St. Lazare station seated on top of that pile of trunks, with Miss Farrar's French maid on one side of me and Mme. Alda's femme de chambre on the other. But the funniest thing is that nobody who saw us thought it was the least bit funny.



IX.

How the Plain People Spent a Memorable Sunday—Visiting the “Quarters” with a Modern Gavroche—A Chat with a Repatriated Franco-American.

PARIS, SUNDAY NIGHT, Sept. 6, 1914.



HOW I wish my many American friends who know, who love Paris for all the finer things it represents, could have been here with me to enjoy this wonderfully beautiful September Sunday! Never did an early autumn sun shine more kindly upon this great city. Never did the trees on the boulevards and in the squares and parks seem to retain their verdure so long as this year.

The touch of brown is there, but autumn still seems unready for her “cue” and willing to share her honors with a lingering summer. I don’t know what the sun looked down upon to-day in Vienna, or in Petersburg, or in Berlin, or in Brussels, but I do know that here in Paris it shown upon two million men, women and children who, though ready for a siege, seem either calmly confident of the future or almost indifferent to its oft-predicted terrors.

As I told you in my last letter, the exodus of the timorous, of the national Government and of the politicians resulted in a restoration of the normal tranquillity of the city. Anybody who wanted to get away could have done so, for the Government provided plenty of free trains to distant provinces in France. So that those who still are here may be said to be here by choice. My experiences to-day convince me that they

believe that they have chosen the part of wisdom, and the overwhelming opinion among them is that we are not going to have any siege at all!



By the time this letter reaches New York Paris may be bottled up tight; but I am not dealing in prophecy; only trying to reflect the spirit and the life of the city during these critical days.

"A siege of Paris!" exclaimed my newsdealer on the boulevard. "Why, Monsieur, it is only a bluff—a blague—a *reve de fumiste*—(in other words, a "pipe dream").

Such was the view of almost every Parisian I met to-day. We had learned from the brief Government announcement that the Germans had moved away from Compiègne to the South-east. We had heard that Lord Kitchener—a name to conjure with—had been in town for several days. We had read the ironclad agreement made by England, France and Russia which the French have designated as "The Holy Alliance." We had heard that the English were bringing Indian troops from the Orient and that they might land any day at Marseilles. Though not a newspaper had printed a word about it, it was on everybody's lips that an army of Russians is being imported by way of the White Sea and Scotland. The brief official announcements of the new Military Governor of Paris, General Gallieni, also fortified the courage of the Parisian population. And on top of all this, glorious weather, weather to warm the hearts, to stimulate the spirits and to invite to the city parks and wooded suburbs!



Early in the afternoon I found myself in the neighborhood of the Northern Railway station, watching the crowds of holiday

makers—for such really describes them—making for the little towns but a few miles out. Chance led me into conversation with a typical Paris gamin, about eighteen or nineteen years of age. There was something interesting about the boy that drew me to him. I gave him a two-cent cigar and his eyes beamed, but with true Gallic politeness he pulled a package of peppermint lozenges from his pocket and insisted upon my sharing them with him in return.

“Who are you and what do you do?” I asked him.

“Leon Dieux is my name,” he replied, and to prove it he pulled half a dozen family documents from his pocket. “I worked for a milk dealer till the war closed his shop. Since then I have been trying to pick up some money handling baggage at the stations, but now the trains don’t take any baggage and most of the people who had any baggage to take have gone, and it is hard to make both ends meet. My father, who had fought in Madagascar and won a medal, died four years ago from a disease contracted in the army. The year after my mother died, leaving me and five younger brothers.”

“And do you look after them all?” I inquired.

“Oh, no, sir; I got them with the Assistance Publique, and each of them has a good home somewhere in the country. Once a month I go to the Assistance Publique and they tell me how they are getting on. As for myself, like all the rest of us poor people in Paris, we get twenty-five sous a day from the Mairie of our quarter, and kind people provide plenty of soup kitchens for those that need it, all over Paris. No need so far for anybody to starve in this city, and a poor boy like me knows what he is talking about. Vegetables are cheap—like potatoes for four sous a kilogram. Then, you know, we poor people always try to help one another.”

I wish you could have heard that boy talk. How my heart warmed to him and how I wished I had the cost of one of the smallest—the very smallest—of the Carnegie libraries to be able to take hold of him, and through him hundreds of other Paris gamins, who doubtless have the same fine feeling and life struggles as he, to give them a fair start in life in Paris when the war is over, or bring them to America and place them where they would do themselves and America the most good.

"Well, Leon," said I, "I suppose you have heard about the War of 1870-71 and the terrible siege of Paris of those days, and the horrors of the Commune which followed?"

"Certainly I have, Monsieur—from the old people"; and he proceeded to prove that he was not boasting.

"Then," said I, "I would like you to take me around to the quarters where the Communists principally came from in those days. Let me see how your friends, the working people, are behaving themselves this time."

"Quite easy, Monsieur, but it is a bit of a walk."

"Why not take a taxi ride with me?" I inquired.

Ah! the expression on his face! A blush came to his cheeks. I saw him throw a glance down at his shabby clothes, his worn-out shoes. But that was only for a moment. There was nothing servile about him, only politeness in his tone, when he replied:

"I certainly would."

So we called a cab and I made him get in first, leaving it to him to direct the chauffeur where to take us. Leon knew his business and he seemed to divine instinctively what I wanted to see. And at once we were off for the Belleville quarter.



Belleville! What a name that is in the annals of the Commune! On our way we passed that beautiful artificial park

with its hills and valleys and lake, so little known to the average tourist—the Buttes Chaumont.

“Closed to the public, Monsieur,” explained the boy. “You see it is filled with cows and sheep. All the water has been drawn from the lake and the bed is stocked with rabbits. Oh, we will have plenty to eat if we have a siege—but there will not be any!”

A few minutes more and we were at the northeastern fortifications, looking out in the direction of the battling hosts. Descending from the taxi Leon, the chauffeur and I found a place at a cafe that faces the Porte des Lilas and ordered our afternoon coffee. Anyone who supposes that Paris is deserted should have seen the swarming populace at that end of the city this afternoon. It was like a fete day. There was no noisy gayety, but a spirit of good cheer reigning everywhere. It was entirely a working-class population, composed of individuals who for their means looked well clad and well fed, and who dwelt in habitations which seemed to me much more comfortable, brighter, airier and better kept than are to be found in any corresponding quarter of the great, modern city of New York.

While we were drinking our coffee and talking the crowd around us seemed quite indifferent to my invasion until a solid-looking man of about fifty-five, seated with a pleasant-faced wife ten years younger, turned to me and said in perfect English:

“You must be an American.”

I was struck dumb for a moment.

“And you?” I replied.

“Why, I am an American, too,” said he, “only I was born in France, just outside of the city here at les Lilas. I lived in America twenty-five years, in New York, San Francisco and New Orleans. I came back to Paris during the exhibition to install some machinery and I have stayed here ever since. My

name is Victor Peters, and I used to work for the Worthington Pump Company."

Mr. and Mrs. Peters, Master Leon and I then took a stroll along the fortifications with the rest of the working people. Leon explained to me how in case of siege the ditch on the outside of the walls could be quickly flooded with water. Then we watched a gang of laborers piling up paving stones outside the gate to form a barricade against the enemy's assault, and we saw them cutting down big trees and laying over these stones. Sentries stood at the gates, but apart from these sights no one would ever imagine that war was going on, that the Germans were within twenty miles of the city, and that everything was being put in order for a possible siege. I found Mr. Peters to be a very level-headed man; he knew the psychology of the working classes of Paris perfectly. He remembered the siege of 1871 as a boy of eleven; he remembered the mad excitement of the Commune.



"Everything is quite different from what it was in those days; there are no better patriots in France than those working people that you see around here," said he. "They know that they are part and parcel of the Government; that their vote is just as good as that of Baron Rothschild. Things were not like that in the days of the Second Empire. France was then cursed with Imperialism, just as Germany has been in later days. To-day we are a free people fighting to remain free. The working classes of Germany, on the other hand, are the slaves of a military despotism, who are being forced to fight—for what?—to rivet the shackles of slavery more tightly on their hands and feet. I do not know how long this war will continue," he added. "We have had a pretty hard time standing up under

the strain of the immense mass of the German army; but our people have courage and faith and enthusiasm, and I really think that the tide is soon going to turn in our favor."



Taking leave of Mr. Peters and his wife my "guide, philosopher and (I think I may add) friend," Leon and I resumed our course. He took me round past Pere Lachaise Cemetery and showed me La Petite Roquette prison, pointed out carefully where the guillotine has been erected many times (he assured me he had never seen an execution and never wanted to), stopped the taxi at the Place de la Bastille to tell me why there was a "14th of July"; then over to the Gare du Lyon to see several regiments going off amid the cheers of the populace to join their comrades; then down to the working class sections of southern Paris, always calling my attention to the crowds we met and their cheerful aspect. He took me to three or four other city gates which had been ordered closed by Gen. Gallieni, and we found all of them barricaded with huge trees.

Last of all Leon would have the chauffeur take us past the extensive buildings of the Assistance Publique. He was proud of that institution—wasn't it the foster mother of his five younger brothers?—and he wanted me to see just what sort of an institution it really was. When the taxi reached my little Hotel de Calais and Leon was about to depart, I asked him:

"What are your plans in life now?"

"Well," said he, "I will have to do the best that I can till the war is over, and then I hope I will get my job back in the milk business. Next year I will have to begin my three years' military service. After that if I get another good milk job I'll get married. In the meantime my brothers will be growing up

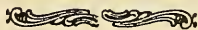
and leaving the Assistance Publique, and they will be able to take care of themselves.

"Life is pretty hard, Monsieur, at times, but things might be much worse for a fellow like me."

"Isn't there something special that you'd like to have just now?" I inquired as he shook hands with me and made a date for a future meeting.

Leon rubbed his head thoughtfully for a moment, looked down at his feet and replied "Do you think you have an old pair of shoes that you don't need, Monsieur?"

Old pair of shoes, gentle reader! Old pair of shoes! Why, Leon shall have one of the best pair of shoes that Leon has ever had in his life. And wouldn't you like to have the privilege of contributing to the purchase?



X.

Waiting for Good News—Newspaper Men and War Correspondents—Their Liability to Be Shot—One American Woman “Who Remained”—Misplaced Sympathy.

PARIS, TUESDAY AFTERNOON, Sept. 8, 1914.



THE big battle is on. That much we know this Tuesday afternoon. Vague rumors reach us that things are going well for the Allies. Definite news is absolutely lacking. Paris remains cool and confident. The feeling is abroad that the tide is about to turn. In the little cafes, in the tobacco shops, every one says to everybody else, “Tout va mieux”— (“Things are going better”). I wonder if this is the truth? Let the reader look at the date of this letter and compare it with the facts as they are in the meantime revealed to see whether the impression be true or false. Everything is delightfully pleasant here to-day and I can assure my good friend, Mr. Otto H. Kahn, who sends me a sympathetic cable, that there is no summer resort in America more delightful at present than Paris. It requires no heroism whatever to remain here—at this writing—but if the big battle in progress results in a serious defeat of the Allies the situation may suddenly become quite different.

Being the citizen of a neutral country, and having so much respect for President Wilson, I am restrained from letting the readers of The Evening Sun know whether I am Francophile or Germanophile. Besides the impression in journalistic circles

here is that newspaper men are liable as prisoners of war, and I really don't like the idea of having the bullet of a German soldier (who might possibly be a grand opera Wagnerian tenor) cut short a brilliant career which my friend, Dr. Metchnikoff, assures me should last at least fifty years longer!

We discussed this question of journalistic liability at a monthly breakfast of the Anglo-American newspaper correspondents yesterday. Grundy of The Sun presided, and there were about twenty-five others, including Williams, Bertelli, Bernard, Sims, Gordon Smith and a lot of other good chaps. None of these men, you understand, are "war correspondents." They don't need any brevet, but they are here "on the job" night and day doing their work like good soldiers; trying to tell the truth as far as the censors will let them; serving their public and their employers faithfully. When the "war correspondents" want "real news" I notice that they have to come to them. Please don't consider this any reflection upon the brilliant and experienced gentlemen who have been specially sent across the Atlantic to describe current events in Europe; but just as an ordinary reporter who started in doing police news about thirty-one years ago in the modest city of Baltimore, and who is now permitted to express himself journalistically in a paper as important as The Evening Sun, I want to pay a well-deserved tribute to the American correspondents who are sticking by their guns in Paris.

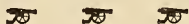


I was up at our Embassy this morning and found that already three hundred Americans had registered as having apartments of permanent abode in Paris. However, an American is really a rare bird on the streets these days; but wherever he is discovered he is treated with the greatest cordiality, and I can only

repeat that Ambassador Herrick's determination to remain in Paris, no matter what happens, has put him almost on a par in the eyes of the Parisian public with the Military Governor, Gen. Gallieni. Mr. Bacon, the former Ambassador, is here on private business, while Mr. Herrick's successor, Mr. Sharp, is here studying the situation and preparing himself for the time in which he will take charge. You will realize how few Americans there are in Paris when I tell you that even Abe Hummel has left for London and that Boyd Neel and his brother, who have conducted an Anglo-American banking and brokerage office for thirty years, have also gone across the Channel. They left their office in charge of their veteran bookkeeper, William Brickley, who has been in Paris since before the war of 1870.

"I am going to stay right here," said Mr. Brickley. "I don't think there is a thing to worry about. I saw the siege of '71, and if there is to be a siege of 1914 I expect to live through that, too. But, my boy, upon my honor, I don't think there will be any siege at all."

So you see Mr. Brickley is not running away or losing any sleep o' nights through fear of the German shells, and he has not even sent away his grandchildren or children to the country.



Yesterday afternoon I paid a visit to a charming, cultured American woman who lives here, who did me a great favor at one occasion and whom I had not seen for several years. I heard she was remaining in Paris and ventured to intrude upon her privacy. She lives in an avenue lined with beautiful trees. She has an apartment that is roomy and elegant and yet simple, as might be expected of her good taste. I found her in what might be called her large workroom; in the centre a desk strewn

with papers; all around the high walls a library that made my mouth water and recalled the remark of Oliver Wendell Holmes that a man with even a taste for literature should feel in the presence of books as a stable boy does in the presence of horses.

"What!" she exclaimed, "are you still here?"

When I had explained my reasons for so being she assured me that it was her purpose also to remain, no matter what happened. "I find my life here tranquil and satisfying," she said. "You see my books; you see my papers; and when I am not busy writing or reading I am devoting myself to hospital work seriously. There was a great outburst of enthusiasm not only among American women, but among French women at the beginning of the war, but after five weeks you would be surprised to know how many of these enthusiasts have disappeared from the field of action. At first they had to turn away the applicants for Red Cross work, but now we can't find enough helpers. I am going to a committee meeting this afternoon, but I fear we won't have a quorum! However, the work will go on and I trust that *The Evening Sun* will let its readers know that the efforts of the American Ambulance at Neuilly are worthy of our nation and of our humanitarian spirit."

I am not mentioning this lady's name. She seeks no reclame. But I left her feeling that she would worthily represent American philanthropy and American culture in the work she is doing here in Paris during these hours so terribly tragic, and her last words still ring in my ears:

"Ah! If Americans at home could only realize to one-tenth degree the unspeakable awfulness of this war! My own concierge has no less than thirty-nine male relatives facing the enemy. Is not that alone a thought 'too deep for tears?'"

Doubtless you know that several Paris newspapers disappeared with the Government to Bordeaux or stopped publication altogether. *Le Temps*, which is a sort of a newspaper Bible in France, is being printed in the town where the claret comes from, and only to-day its Sunday paper reached Paris. An order has been issued forbidding newsboys to shout the name of their paper in the street. One gamin, however, thought he was "within the law" when, after putting the name of his paper in large letters upon his hat, he cried:

"Who wants the paper the name of which I can't tell you?"



Among the crowd waiting to take the tram car that starts from the corner of the Rue de la Fourth Septembre and the Avenue de l'Opera yesterday stood a tall, good-looking young woman with an almost naked baby in her bare arms and herself clad in what looked to me like to burlap bags bound around her waist with a piece of ordinary rope. Her ankles were bare and she wore sandals. She impressed me as a very distressing object. At once I thought of the stories of the outrages of the invaders, and I pushed my way through the sympathizing crowd around her to learn something of her sad history.

"I suppose you are one of the Belgian victims, Madame?" I said, "for your plight seems to be something awful. Have you no friends to whom you could appeal for relief?"

"Thank you very much, Monsieur," she replied in the most musical French; "I am not a Belgian, but a Parisienne. I have undergone no hardships whatever, and the only thing that is troubling me just now is whether I can get a place on this next tram car for Raincy. It may interest you to know that I am one of Raymond Duncan's dancing school assistants."

Personal intelligence—Tod Sloan has closed his bar on the Rue Daunou, but does not think he will return to America. He told me to-day he found the Paris climate, even during the war, more to his liking.

Henry's bar is still doing business, though the Pilsener bier is masquerading under the name of "Biere de la Meuse."

For the first time in his life Charles Henry Meltzer decided that London was preferable to Paris and he left us last week.



XI.

*A Well-Authenticated "Atrocity"—More Hotels Closing—
Romain Rolland's Letter to Gerard Hauptmann—Rigid
Work of the Censor of the Press.*

PARIS, WEDNESDAY, Sept. 9, 1914.



MR. DAVID CALLAHAN is my stenographer. She is a Frenchwoman born in Paris, and she is now taking my dictation. Her husband is an American of Irish parentage. I know him very well. He is an employee of the American Express Company, and year after year has cashed my American Express checks or handed me my letters. I state these facts so that you will know that Mrs. Callahan is a truthful woman. She came to my hotel ten minutes ago with tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter with you?" I said.

"Oh!" she replied, "I have just heard something awful—something I would not have believed possible!"

"Out with it, quick!" I exclaimed.

"Why," said she, "my concierge's best friend has just come back from seeing her son, who was in the fight last week and was wounded and taken to the hospital. Both his hands had been cut off while he lay wounded and helpless on the battle field!"

I do not think I have said anything about the alleged German barbarities in any of the letters that I have written to The Evening Sun. I have many dear German friends, friends for

whom I have the highest respect, generous, kindly, "gemuthlich." I am the last man to believe the stories which I have heard and read about the savagery of the German soldiers. Could it be possible that representatives of a nation which had produced a Goethe, a Schiller, a Wagner, a Kant, a Hegel, a Humboldt, a Haeckel, not to mention other names eminent in art, in literature, in science, could in this twentieth century be guilty of such an atrocity?

I submit this single fact, of which there is absolutely no doubt, to the conscience of the great American people—and there I rest.



My hotel is going to be closed to-morrow. The past few days it has been filled with English Red Cross nurses and doctors. The nurses are a rosy cheeked, bright, intelligent, healthy lot. They are all deeply interested in the training school at St. Luke's Hospital of New York and of my dear old alma mater, the Johns Hopkins of Baltimore. The dozen English doctors are a splendid lot of young fellows, fully up to date in their science, and one of them is going to vaccinate me against typhoid to-morrow before his comrades and the nurses leave to take charge of the Red Cross Hospital into which the Majestic Hotel has been turned.

Although the hotel is about to be closed, the Italo-American manager, Mr. Nasi, and the cashier, Mr. Wend, who looks like and has the dignity of a member of the Academie Francaise (I wish I had his picture to send you, for his head is really beautiful), have consented to let me remain as long as I want to, and as my young Parisian gamin friend, Leon Dieux, reports to me twice a day for instructions, I don't feel a bit lonely.

Leon, by the way, does not think about himself only. Yes-

terday he surprised me by bringing a young fifteen-year-old friend of his named Hermann Jacques, a gamin like himself, whose father is a tailor out of a job, who has a natural talent for sketching. Little Jacques I found to be another "type," clever and full of ideas. He brought me several pictures he has made since the beginning of the war, and I immediately wanted to be a Sunday editor again so that I could "play up" his "stuff" for at least a page. Since the mobilization Jacques has been making a sort of a living doing charcoal sketches in front of the few cafes that remain open. Leon thinks he is "great," and that is why he brought him to see me. I gave him two or three suggestions which he discussed with unusual intelligence for a boy of his age, and I am sending you herewith the result thereof to judge for yourself the artistic merits of this ragamuffin street boy of Paris. The "kid" has learned the tailoring business from his father. Is not there some philanthropic New Yorker who is willing to bring him to America, get him a job at a tailor's shop and let him go to the Cooper Institute at night?



Have you ever read Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe?" It is a wonderful book—the biography of a musician beginning before his birth. Holt has published a translation of it. If you are interested in music or art get it. When you have read it you will understand the anguish of its author in the presence of the carnage that is saturating the soil of Europe with blood.

Rolland has written a letter to his friend, the eminent German litterateur and playwright, Gerard Hauptmann, which is printed in a Lausanne paper. It is a protest against the treatment of Belgium, and some extracts are worth while being reprinted:

"The fury," says he, "with which you treat this magnanimous little nation whose only crime has been to defend to desperation its independence and justice as you yourselves, Germans, did in 1813, is unspeakable. A worldwide indignation revolts against it. Reserve these violences for us Frenchmen, whom you consider your real enemies. But to give vent to your savagery against this little Belgian nation, unfortunate and innocent—what shame! And not content with venting your spleen upon the living, you make war upon the dead, upon the glory of the ages. You bombard Malines; you burn up Louvain. Louvain is no longer anything but a pile of ashes—Louvain, with its treasures of art, of science; Louvain, the holy city! What in God's name are you? And with what name would you have us call you in these times, Hauptmann—you who reject the title of barbarians? Are you the descendants of Goethe or of Attila the Hun? Are you waging war against the armies of your enemies or against the human kind? Kill, destroy men, but have respect for the creations of their intellect. You, like the rest of us, are the depositaries of their intelligence. In destroying it as you do, you show yourselves unworthy of your great heritage—unworthy of taking rank in the little army of Europeans which is the guard of honor of civilization. You give the world proof that, incapable of defending *its* liberty, you are even incapable of defending *your own* and that intellectual Germany is subject to the most pitiless despotism—that which destroys the masterpieces of genius and assassinates human intelligence. I await a response from you, Hauptmann—a response which shall be an act. The united opinion of Europe awaits it as I do. Bear in mind, in such a moment even silence is an act."

So far Mr. Rolland has received no response from his literary confrere.

The censure of the press, as you know, is very rigid here. Last evening's *Intransigeant* appeared with a beautiful blank space all the way down its first column. Its principal editor, Mr. Bailby, evidently had written an article of unusual interest. Unfortunately it was too interesting for public consumption, and we are all wondering what it all was about. Perhaps some of these days he will tell us.

Meanwhile the big battle is going on. The feeling prevails that the Allies are holding their own, and the "Siege de Paris de 1914" for the moment is regarded as more remote than ever.



XII.

One of the "Last Parisians"—Arthur Meyer, the Veteran Royalist Editor—His Reminiscences of the Outbreak of the War of 1870—Sticking to His Post.

PARIS, THURSDAY, Sept. 10, 1914.



MONSIEUR ARTHUR MEYER is the Dean of Parisian Journalism, probably one of the most interesting personalities in the life of this wonderful city. Monsieur Meyer is a link with the past. He began with the Second Empire. He is the editor and proprietor of *The Gaulois*, the Royalist organ, the newspaper which circulates in the most exclusive French society, the paper of the Faubourg St. Germain, of the "ancienne noblesse." I know of no more eminent "Type Parisien" than Monsieur Arthur Meyer. His life is like a Balzac romance. He is truly a character worthy of the "Comedie Humaine." About sixty-eight years old, rather short of stature but well built, aquiline nose, clean-shaven chin, gray side whiskers and mustache, a bald head set off with two tufts of gray hair above his well-shaped ears and a pair of wonderfully keen gray-blue eyes—there you have Monsieur Arthur Meyer.

«A week ago the transfer of the Government to Bordeaux and the scare caused by a possibility of a new siege of Paris drove most of the so-called Parisians and boulevardiers to Bordeaux or elsewhere in the provinces beyond the war area. As you know, a number of Paris newspapers also either transferred

their publications to the temporary capital or discontinued their editions entirely. Not so *The Gaulois*! Not so M. Arthur Meyer! *The Gaulois* is still on the newsstands every morning, but instead of having four or six pages it has only two, and its ordinarily luxurious price of three cents has been patriotically reduced to one. A few days ago *The Gaulois* published a leading article signed by M. Meyer, entitled "*Ayons Confiance*" ("*Let Us Have Confidence*"), which was as fine a bit of patriotic eloquence as I ever read. Let me quote a few lines from it:

"Those of us Parisians who have retreated to the provinces have acted in the fullness of their privilege. But there are others of us, much less numerous, who are remaining here. I am one of them. Here I am and here I shall stay in 1914 as I stayed here in 1870. I shall continue to direct my newspaper with the little force of editors whom the service of the Fatherland has not taken away from me. It is my only family to-day, since my other family is far away, alas! In remaining I consider that I am doing nothing but what is perfectly natural. My friends have seen fit in the peaceful years which preceded this war to designate me as one of the '*derniers Parisiens*.' It is an honor. But when an honor is conferred on one he must know how to live up to it."



You will agree with me that a man who writes like this is worthy of the dignity which attaches to his title of Dean of Parisian Journalism. And I am sure you will envy me the hour that I spent with him this afternoon in his editorial workshop at the corner of the Rue Drouot and the Boulevard des Italiens. I had hardly taken a seat opposite his desk when we heard from outside an unusual noise—unusual in these tranquil days in

Paris. At first there was just a murmur. It seemed to come from the Place de l'Opera. Louder and louder it grew. In a few minutes it was a roar. M. Meyer and I rushed to the window just in time to see a taxicab dash along the Boulevard containing three English soldiers and two Frenchmen, and over all waving in the air a German flag! It was an exciting moment. The pent-up emotions of the Parisian populace suddenly burst loose. Every one cheered at the top of his voice and threw his hat high in the air. No one knew where the flag came from or who had captured it, but there it was—a German flag, and it represented success somewhere. The apparition was over in a moment. The boulevards immediately recovered their sangfroid. A most extraordinary exhibition.



M. Meyer and I resumed our seats and our conversation wandered through a dozen fields of interest—political, literary, artistic, historic. What he does not know about the Paris of the last forty or fifty years is not worth knowing; but I would not pretend or be indelicate enough to attempt to reproduce his conversation as a whole. However, let me recount to you some of his reminiscences of forty-four years ago which may interest the generation which is those days was not yet born.

“After the telegram of Ems so cleverly altered by Bismarck,” says M. Meyer, “war was inevitable and it was declared. All France was mad. Everybody decorated his house—illuminated it; cheered our little soldiers as they marched through Paris; accompanied them to the railroad stations shouting ‘On to Berlin! On to Berlin!’ The most popular artists of the day, Faure, Marie Sasse, Capoul, whom you know so well and esteem so highly in America, were com-

pelled to sing the 'Marseillaise' in the streets until the authorities had to stop it.

"I was at the opera in the box of my master and friend, Emile de Girardin, at the performance of Auber's 'Muette de Portici.' It was the 21st of July, 1870. Paris was in a patriotic effervescence. The public has just encored the duo 'Armour sacre de la Patrie' when a cry arose from all over the house—'The Marseillaise! The Marseillaise!' At once pushing her way through the crowd on the stage Marie Sasse appeared draped in white, waving the tricolor. A thunderous hurrah drowned her voice. 'Up, gentlemen; up!' shouted somebody in the orchestra. Instantly every one was on his feet and the national hymn was listened to in absolute silence. After the last couplet the enthusiasm became indescribable. Men and women took up the chorus, and suddenly I heard my friend Girardin, as though electrified, cry 'Vive l'Armee!' to which the entire audience responded.



"How terrible was our awakening when we learned of the defeat of the victor of the Crimea and of Italy at Reichshoffen, of his retreat and the defeat at Speichern! At Reichshoffen our mitrailleuses proved powerless and they were even captured. At Speichern the Prussians defeated us with the bayonette—the bayonette, you must remember the favorite arm of the little French 'Piou Piou'—the name which represents to us what 'Tommy Atkins' does to the Englishman. When the bayonette failed, when the mitrailleuse was unsuccessful, it seemed as if we had lost everything. You have no idea what a magic that word 'mitrailleuse' had in those days. With it we thought we could accomplish anything. To-day we talk of the aeroplane,

but I have said all along we must not put too much faith in its effectiveness. Confidence and discipline in the army is the thing. They seemed to have been lost in 1870.

“Demoralization set in. After the defeats on the Rhine we learned of the defeats around Metz, where Bazaine commanded—Bazaine, who returned from Mexico in disgrace, but for whom public opinion had demanded the command which until then the Empire had refused him. Political passions broke loose. Emile Olivier and his Ministry were turned out. His successor, Palikao, did not last very long, although his first measures seemed rational—general armament, mobilization at Paris, of all the fire departments of France, and finally the orders to MacMahon to retreat upon Paris to defend the capital. Politics, however, interfered and a counter order was sent to MacMahon. The result was that Paris was left open to the Prussians and, what is worse, Paris was abandoned to itself and to the revolutionists. The torrent was let loose.



“How well I remember the 3d day of September, 1870. Wild rumors were afloat—that the army of Prince Frederic Charles had been defeated; that MacMahon was wounded; that the Emperor was a prisoner. We knew nothing, but we feared everything. I was looking for news that night when near the Madeleine I met two well-known diplomats. They knew all the truth of the disaster and that the Chamber of Deputies had suddenly been called to meet. They asked me to go there with them. When we arrived it was midnight, and never shall I forget that scene. A frozen silence possessed the House when Gen. Palikao mounted to the Tribune, and with tears in his voice announced the awful facts—Bazailles burnt, the army seeking refuge in the trenches of Sedan, MacMahon wounded,

the useless struggle stopped by order of the Emperor, the surrender of Napoleon the Third, a prisoner, after having vainly sought death on the battle field, two hundred cannons and all our eagles in the hands of the victor. What a scene it was!



“Jules Fevre’s proposition to admit defeat was unanimously rejected. In coming out of this historic session my friend Baron Bayens remarked to me:

“‘If Paris does not learn to-morrow when it wakes up that forty arrests were made to-night we will have a revolution.’

“Well, Paris woke up on that 4th of September to find a day of ideal weather. No arrests had been made. The Empress was Regent. She believed in Gen. Trochu, the military Governor, and in the army. Alas! poor soul, so soon abandoned! It was her first step toward the Calvary which she had to climb to the summit. However, the news traveled quickly throughout Paris—excitement everywhere—raging indignation here; violent explosions there. The ‘quarters’ began to come down to the centre of the city. Parliament reassembled at noon. Thiers was swept aside. Gambetta dominated the situation. With his burning eloquence he appealed to the masses, who responded in force and followed him triumphantly to the Hotel de Ville. On the way he met Gen. Trochu, and soon we had the amazing spectacle of the soldier Catholic and Breton, and the Tribune revolutionary and atheist, seated at the same table organizing a temporary government!



“The Empire was finished—abandoned by its own troops. I walked all over Paris that day of September the 4th. I saw

the imperial flag removed from the Tuileries when the Empress, persuaded by some faithful friends, consented at last to abandon the palace to the triumphant populace. I saw my friend Sardou enter the palace after having said to me in his splendid way, 'I want to be one of the first to protect her if she wants to get away.' I saw brave Gen. Mellinet leave the Tuileries at the head of the last battalions to remain faithful, and I saw the National Guards installed in their place. I saw people tearing down the imperial coat-of-arms, destroying the eagles, even smashing the crowned letters "N" in their wild rage to destroy everything that could recall the idol of the day before."



Here Monsieur Meyer paused. The limit of my interview had been reached. The foreman of his composing room was awaiting him and I understood the necessities of the occasion. I think it is an interesting picture that he painted for me, and I repeat it to you as well as my memory permits.

"Such scenes I am quite sure," he remarked as he accompanied me politely to the door, "such scenes will not be repeated in 1914. And isn't Paris delightful just now? Stay with us as long as you can. They say I am one of the 'last Parisians.' Be one of the 'last Americans!'"

XIII.

*Gustave Herve, Socialist Editor, One of France's Finest Souls
—Has Been Eleven Times in Jail for His Attacks on
Militarism—"This War a War to End Wars," He Says.*

PARIS, SATURDAY, Sept. 12, 1914.



IN my last letter I told you of my visit to the delightfully comfortable editorial sanctum of M. Arthur Meyer, editor of the Royalist organ *Le Gaulois*, whom the panic occasioned by the approach of the Germans failed to drive away from Paris. This morning I thought of another famous personality in Paris journalism who I noticed was not less faithful to his clients—a man who represents the very opposite pole of the profession—Gustave Herve, the great Socialist leader, the man who has served in all eleven years imprisonment for his editorial utterances, the friend of the murdered Jaures, the pacifist of pacifists, the propagandist of "Internationalism," the merciless assailant of egoistic capitalism, the editor of *La Guerre Sociale*.

A far cry it is from Meyer to Herve, from *Le Gaulois* to *La Guerre Sociale*! But it is contrast that gives zest to life.

Five o'clock is usually the best time to find a Paris editor. So about that hour I started for the office of *La Guerre Sociale*. It is quite out of the area of the other Paris newspapers, but really just where it should be. To reach it you go east on the Grands Boulevards until you reach the Porte St. Denis. Then you turn up a street which to-day was crowded with working people—nearly all women—patronizing hundreds of fruit and

vegetable pushcarts. It looked just like Tenth avenue in New York looks on Saturday nights when "Paddy's Market" is in full blast. Two blocks north on this street, Rue du Faubourg St. Denis, is No. 56. There was nothing to suggest a newspaper office, but pushing through the marketers I entered a courtyard and learned that the office of *La Guerre Sociale* was in the rear of this three hundred years old building on the third floor back.

Well, I reached it and found myself in a room in which about a dozen men, young and old, were gathered around a big table, seated or standing, all engaged in lively conversation. Two or three who evidently had just arrived from their regiments were in uniform. All were members of the editorial staff. I quickly explained my mission, was received with the greatest cordiality, and at once a short, broad-shouldered, deep-chested man of about forty-five years of age, with a fine head of hair, just slightly touched with gray, a mustache and Gallic imperial, advanced, grasped me by the hand warmly, and said:

"I am Herve! Delighted to talk with an American! Come to my little den and have a chat."



M. Herve is a Breton—that is to say, a Celt. Now, if I confess that I, too, am a Celt you will surmise that in just two minutes we understood each other perfectly! Nearly an hour I spent with him. He interviewed me more than I did him. He was greedy for information about things American. I hope I didn't mislead him.

"Pardon this shocking office," said he at the outset, with Celtic candor; "but you know I've been in jail so much that it was impossible to get an office anywhere else than in this out-of-the-way place. So many men who own property in Paris re-

gard me as too dangerous a character to live under their roofs."

Then we attacked the question of the hour—war—and his attitude as a lifelong pacifist.

"Nothing illogical about my position," said he; "I have been fighting for peace for years and years—fighting with my voice and my pen and going to jail again and again because I've dared to do so. Well, what are the Allies doing to-day? Precisely what I have been doing—fighting for peace! Fighting to destroy once and forever the things that must be destroyed to insure peace—militarism and imperialism! From our point of view this is one of the few just occasions for taking up arms of which history has knowledge, and we French Socialists, we pacifists, are pouring out our blood for the cause of human liberty as freely as any of our brother Frenchmen. No matter what might happen, I can assure you that there will be no repetition in Paris of the scenes of the Commune of 1871. Make your American friends understand that!"



"But there is Russia," I remarked. "You have been most unsparing in your attacks on Russia and the Czar."

M. Herve's eyes glowed. Putting his hand on my shoulder, he replied

"Russia has fallen in line! That is the glorious fact of the day! Russia is marching with the great army of humanitarianism! And just here let me tell you a bit of recent history which may interest you Americans:

"When the war broke out I went to see my friend the Prime Minister, Monsieur Viviani. I assured him that all my influence with my party would be with the cause of France; that the Socialists could be counted upon to a man, as we felt we were not fighting the German people, but fighting to help free

them from the slavery to which militarism and imperialism had subjected them."

"'But,' said I to Viviani, 'we don't feel very comfortable about our ally, Russia. We would like to see her do something to show that she was waking up. She must show that she is prepared to do her share in the Cause of Humanity. Let her begin by freeing Poland! You know how close Poland always has been to France. Poland should have her nationality restored. Can't something be done? Talk to the Russian Ambassador.'

"Perhaps my suggestion may have had some effect," continued M. Herve; "at all events not so very long after Viviani sent for me and told me that the Czar had decided to recreate a Polish nation.

"Good!" said I; "good for a beginning!"

"'What more would you suggest?' inquired Viviani.

"'Finland must have a constitution,' said I. 'Our old friends exiled in Siberia, like Grandmother Catherine Brekowskaia—the Louise Michel of Russia—must be pardoned. And, above all, the Jews of Russia must be granted equal rights with any and every other Russian subject.'

"Viviani was impressed. He agreed with me, promised to use all his influence in this direction as Prime Minister. Not content with that, I sought M. Briand, the Minister of Justice—Briand who was many times my lawyer, but with whom my old relations were severed when he abandoned our party. I forgot all that and sought reconciliation with him in the cause of the liberty of the Russian Jews.

"Recently Briand came to Paris from Bordeaux. He called me at the 'phone. He told me it was all right—that the rumors were justified—that the Czar had granted equal rights to the Jews."

M. Herve glowed with enthusiasm as he made the statement.

"Can you not excuse my emotion," said he, "when I tell you I feel that I, Herve, had something to do with accomplishing this wonderful achievement? Now our consciences are clear. We French Socialists, Pacifists, uncompromising lovers of liberty and our fellow men, can without a blush march side by side with the soldiers of the Czar!

"Ah! my friend," continued M. Herve, "awful as is the war the result will be untold blessings to humanity. The world is in labor. A new world is being born—a new world that will be better and finer than its parent—a world free from militarism, which is only the bloody caricature of the national defense of the people by the people! Hundreds of thousands of men who die gloriously on the battlefield have for a supreme consolation only two ideas—it is the last war; this war will destroy war."



You see that M. Herve is a splendid idealist. But he is not merely a dreamer. He is not an academic humanitarian. He is not a dilettante "internationalist." You know when the war broke out there were hundreds and hundreds of honest Germans earning a living in Paris in a perfectly honest way. It was not very comfortable for them the first few days. But M. Herve was equal to the occasion. He announced in *La Guerre Sociale* that if any decent German workingman wanted protection he, Herve, would offer his services.

"You should have seen the street in front of this office," he told me with a pardonable delight. "They came by the hundreds, and after informing myself as to their character and business I would take them to the Commissaire de Police and secure them permission to remain, standing sponsor for their good be-

havior. Some of them were accused of being spies. All nonsense! I busied myself to prove to the contrary, and I got dozens of them out of this trouble. One of our neighbors was the wife of a German officer. He hurried off to join his regiment. She was compelled to remain in Paris with her little daughter of five years of age. I took her to my own home and there she and her little daughter are to-day, safe and sound. If you want to see the spirit of internationalism exemplified you should see me with my own little niece, the daughter of my brother, a captain of artillery, now at the frontier, on one of my shoulders, and the little daughter of the German officer on the other!"



Whether you accept M. Herve's socialistic doctrines or not, I'm sure no one can pass an hour with him as I did without being convinced of his honesty and moved by his earnest eloquence and large humanity. As I was leaving he presented me with one of his books. It is entitled "My Crimes: Or Eleven Years of Prison for Offenses of Journalism." The last chapter consists of an address which he made to the jury which convicted him in January, 1912. He closes thus:

"I belong to the International Socialist party, which is the party of the oppressed of all races and of all colors. We may be weak as yet—we are so weak that for a newspaper article you can throw us into jail; but in spite of our feebleness we still have enough strength to extend, from the depths of our jails, a hand to all those you are crushing, to all those you are grinding to powder and to spit in the face of those who are massacring them! Just now in his eloquent peroration the Advocate-General leaned toward you and said: 'Jurors of France, I hear beating in your breasts the heart of France!' I, too, as I

finish, lean toward and cry to you: 'Jurors of France, I would that I might hear beating in your breasts the heart of Humanity.' "



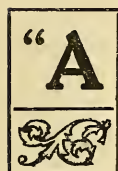
One word more about M. Herve: He is a politician who never would accept an office. And the reason why he is not "at the front" with his brother, the artillery officer, is that he is so near-sighted that he can't read a newspaper without the aid of the strongest magnifying glass. He now uses the one I gave him as a souvenir.



XIV.

Paris On Its Knees—Wonderful Religious Demonstration at the Cathedral of Notre Dame—Praying for France—One of the Most Impressive Parisian Events of Wartime.

PARIS, SUNDAY EVENING, Sept. 13, 1914.



NOTRE DAME, Paris priera aujourd'hui pour la France"—

"At Notre Dame, Paris will pray to-day for France."

I read this announcement while I was taking my morning coffee in the Hotel des Tuileries, situated on the little side street named Sainte Hyacinthe, into which I moved yesterday after my favorite hotel, the Hotel de Calais in the Rue des Capucines, had closed its doors. I was the last guest, and I really think the Italian-American manager, Signor Nasi, regretted turning me out. However, with the assistance of my little Paris gamin, my Gavroche Leon Dieux, I speedily packed my effects and carted them to the Hotel des Tuileries, which is around the corner from the Marche de St. Honore (St. Honore's Market), the Fire Department Company's headquarters and the local Police Commissioner, Monsieur Bleyne, whose inspectors are my good friends.

During the last few days we have had quite a change of weather. The sunshine has been very fitful. At times it has been raining and very cold. (I saw a bargain in overcoats, of which I think I shall take advantage to-morrow.)

But I am digressing shamefully. Let me revert to the subject of my first paragraph. The son of a Methodist preacher of Irish birth and Huguenot blood can never become entirely unreligious. I had seen the Paris of the war of 1914 in so many phases that I could not resist the desire to see it express itself religiously and spiritually. Three o'clock was the hour of the service at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Oh, that Cathedral! Don't you love it? Have you not lost yourself in rapture as you gazed upon its Gothic beauty? Haven't you seen it at night when the full moon glowed from behind its towers and illuminated the great square—the Parvis de Notre Dame—the square that evokes memories of Victor Hugo's *Esmeralda*—the square on which the gargoyles have grinned for centuries, and, let us hope, will grin for centuries to come? My little horse cab was taking me across one of the bridges when I was astonished to see an unusual multitude of people all moving in the same direction as I.

"What in the world is going on?" said I to my cocher. "Where are all these people coming from and where are they going?"

"Why, monsieur, they are coming from all over the city and they are going to the Cathedral—just as you are!" he replied, a bit surprised.

Nine-tenths of them were women—women of every walk in life. When I reached the square it was literally packed. There must have been fifty or sixty thousand people there, and all round the Cathedral and in every street leading to it there were thousands and thousands more. It was with the greatest difficulty that I succeeded in worming my way into this compact multitude of human beings, but finally by a bit of persuasion and explanation that I was an American heretic I succeeded, through the kind offices of a charming young French priest, in getting into the Cathedral through the sacristy.

By that time the services had begun. The church was filled to overflowing. Even the cloisters were crowded with worshippers. I imagine there must have been more than ten thousand people in the Cathedral. In the choir alone there were fifteen hundred clergymen. Non-Catholic Huguenot Irish-American as I am, it was one of the most impressive occasions of my life. Here was Paris, that had just heard the most encouraging news of the war—in fact, the only encouraging news—the news so carefully emitted by the Government—that the English and French were forcing back little by little the German invaders—Paris, which for weeks had maintained its calm composure while everything seemed to promise the worst, had preserved a truly marvelous sangfroid in the presence of a situation which seemed like a turning point in the struggle—here was Paris on its knees in prayer!



The preliminary service over, the organ pealed forth and ten thousand voices joined in singing the cantique, the words of which I was told were:

“*Pitié mon Dieu, c’est pour Notre Patrie.*

Sauvez, sauvez la France, au nom du Sacre Cœur.”

One must have a heart of stone to be untouched with emotion on such occasions as this. Tears came to my eyes as the hymn swelled out. I had the same feeling that I had years and years ago when at an Ocean Grove camp meeting I heard a congregation of six thousand earnest Methodists singing

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!”

Perhaps my sophisticated readers will smile at this, but there are moments in life when we experience emotions that stir the

very depths of our mysterious beings. I leave it to the professional psychologists to analyze and explain such phenomena. This is a human document and I am simply recording in all honesty my feelings of to-day. Every woman, man and child in Notre Dame this afternoon was thinking of the loved ones who were jeopardizing their lives on the battlefield in behalf of liberty and the Fatherland. Is it strange that even an outsider like myself should feel a responsive tremor in his soul of souls?

Presently there was a movement within the choir. Cardinal Amette, who had just returned from helping elect the new Pope, was ascending the pulpit. An impressive figure he was in his gorgeous red robes. Perfect silence prevailed as he began his discourse. I could only catch broken phrases, but I could realize that it was a discourse both spiritual and patriotic. His sentences were crisp. His voice was the voice of a real orator. His gestures were earnest and graceful. He spoke with authority and sincerity. He recalled to me another great pulpit orator that I had heard years ago—Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia.



The sermon finished, the procession formed. It was in honor of the feast of the day, the Nativity of the Virgin. A sweet-faced young girl, all clad in white, bore the banner at its head. Then came the famous silver statue of the Madonna and Child given to the cathedral by Charles the IX.; the relics of Ste. Genevieve, patron saint of Paris; the silver head of St. Denis, who brought Christianity to the pagan city, and a number of other sacred relics which had been brought to Notre Dame for the occasion from the several churches which are their custodians. The procession wound around the church, while the great organ again pealed forth and ten thousand voices chanted

in unity the Credo. It was then that I managed to get out of the church through a side door and round to the square in front. The three big doors were wide open. The crowd was even greater than ever. The hymn, which flowed through the open portals, was taken up by the thousands awaiting without. Very soon the procession emerged from one of the three doors and passed between the iron grating and the facade of the cathedral, re-entering by the third door, as the law prohibits a religious procession taking place in a public street in France.

When Cardinal Amette finally appeared a great shout arose: "Vive le Cardinal!" Handkerchiefs and hats were waved in the air. I would not have been surprised to have seen the statue of Charlemagne which stands on the side of the square suddenly come to life and wave its sword. A little stand had been improvised on the steps of the cathedral. Cardinal Amette could not let such an occasion go by without taking advantage of it. Mounting it, he addressed the vast gathering briefly. A nice young French reporter, who was near me, read me his notes and this is the substance of what the Cardinal said:

"You are too numerous to permit my voice to be heard by you all, but at least my heart shall go out toward each and every one of you. This wonderful scene recalls to me that which unfolded itself before my eyes last week, when in the presence of the multitude assembled on the great square of St. Peter's in Rome was proclaimed the election of the new Pope. The same faith lights up in your eyes; the same confidence is painted on your faces. I am going to give you the pontifical benediction. May it keep you faithful to God and to your country! May it also preserve safe and sound those whom you love and who are now contending on the field of battle to protect our firesides and our altars!"

The great assembly sank to its knees as one person as the Cardinal, with magnificent gesture, made the sign of the cross. This done, the crowd within the church and without once more shouted thunderously, "Vive l'Eglise!" "Vive la France!" Then the Cardinal and the procession re-entered the cathedral, where the services in due time came to an end, after which the multitude slowly dissolved, while a friendly aeroplane hovered like a dove of peace over the sacred monument.

As I was moving away whom should I meet on the bridge but M. Arthur Meyer.

"There is a deep significance in to-day's event," said he. "It convinces me that France's mentality after the war will be mystic and military. It will be mystic because experience has just demonstrated the emptiness of the skeptical doctrines which certain philosophers have tried to impose upon it. These professors of Doubt and Negation wished to substitute for the theory of noble action that of a dreamy dilettantism. Men who fight are, in the full force of the term and in the highest degree, men of action. And all action is creative. These men are destined to become the adversaries of those who represent a desiccating, a sterile negation."

M. Arthur Meyer's remarks are well worth considering.



XV.

*How Paris Received the News of the Allies' First Real Victory
—The Result of the Battle of the Marne Causes No
Excitement—A Newspaper Men's War Breakfast.*

PARIS, WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16, 1914.



TELL us just how Paris received the first real news of the first real French victory."

Such is the request I find in a letter received from New York a few days ago. Well, Monday morning the Parisians opened their newspapers and read:

"The battle which has been in progress for five days has resulted in an unqualified victory. Everywhere the enemy is abandoning large numbers of wounded and great quantities of munitions. Everywhere we are making prisoners. As we gain ground our troops are able to observe evidences of the intensity of the struggle and the great importance of the means employed by the Germans in their effort to check our advance. Resumption of the offensive on our part assured success. All of you, officers, sub-officers and soldiers, have responded to my appeal. All of you have proved yourselves worthy of your country."

Such was the announcement of General-in-Chief Joffre to the army. No one doubted that the French and British had at last won a big battle. What happened in Paris? Old-timers tell me that if such an announcement had been published in 1870 the city would have gone wild with excitement; every gas lamp

would have been relit at night; every window of every occupied house would have been illuminated; thousands and thousands of all sexes and ages would have been parading the streets into the small hours of the morning shouting themselves hoarse: "Vive la France! Vive l'Armee! A Berlin!" or singing the "Marseillaise" at the top of their voices. That, you must remember, was in the days of what Americans and English were accustomed to call "the crazy Frenchman."



And now perhaps I must disappoint you; for the great outburst of enthusiasm, the great popular emotional explosion upon the news of the first victory which my New York correspondent particularly asked me to describe, did not take place!

Not that there wasn't a very perceptible change in the sentimental barometer! For as I took my morning stroll around by the little cigar shop, the little newsstands, the little two-cent coffee bars and down to the Cafe Richelieu, where the Parisian newspaper men who are still here gather for their grenadine syrup and siphon, I could see on the faces of all I met, I could note in the lively gait of the pedestrians, in the cordial way in which one shook hands with the other, that the Parisian heart had mounted, that a tense feeling of satisfaction, a renewed confidence in the allied armies, had taken possession of one and all. It was a sort of chastened joy. But the dominant sentiment perhaps is best expressed in the simple remark of Madame Lefroy, the genial proprietress of the little zinc cafe in the Rue des Petits Champs near the Rue de la Paix, when she said:

"Yes, monsieur, it is splendid, this victory; but we must keep cool; we must not get excited; for, remember, we are not yet out of the woods."

As the afternoon progressed and I was seated at the half-deserted Cafe de la Paix sipping a cup of coffee, I observed that the boulevards were gradually growing more and more lively. Very soon there was an unusual activity. I had seen nothing like it for weeks and weeks. The crowd—for such it really had become—was a most quiet and self-possessed crowd, such a crowd as one will see ordinarily when the shops close at seven o'clock. My curiosity was aroused. Could it be that a German aeroplane had been sighted? That I could hardly believe, as we in Paris were under the impression that Uncle Sam tipped off the Kaiser some time ago as to the indiscretion of such exploits on the part of his enterprising aviators. So I did what all good reporters should do in such a case—I asked a policeman.

"They are all expecting to see the German prisoners," he informed me, "but I am afraid they will be disappointed. A lot of them are being sent south. Several hundred, I hear, including a general who wears a monocle, and who, they say, had on his person a document signed by the Kaiser appointing him Assistant Governor of Paris. I do not know how true this is, but I do not think he could borrow much money up the street there at Morgan, Harjes & Co. on the Kaiser's signature."

You see, my French policeman friend (to whom I gave one of my favorite two-cent cigars) has a tolerable fair sense of humor. Incidentally I may remark that he would cut a very fine figure at the point in New York which corresponds with the corner of the Cafe de la Paix—Broadway and Forty-second street.



The German prisoners after all did not pass through Paris. The Assistant Governor of Paris that was to have been was not

permitted to have a glass of Pilsener beer (what is left of it in Paris is now called "Bierre de la Meuse") at the "busted" Brasserie Viennoise. Military Governor Gallieni, in order to avoid any possible unseemly demonstration on the part of the rowdy element, arranged for the transportation of the prisoners by way of the suburbs.

Apropos of this it gave me great pleasure to find in *The Guerre Sociale* this morning another splendid editorial signed by my friend Gustave Herve (Herve, the ideal of the working classes, the Socialist leader, who the day before had paid an eloquent tribute in his paper to Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt personally and the other brave American women who are devoting themselves to the management of the American Red Cross Hospital at Neuilly), an editorial in which he denounced unsparingly any and every manifestation of enmity toward German prisoners of war. Let me quote a few passages from it:

"What sort of education have we given our people that they should not yet know that prisoners of war are sacred in the eyes of every civilized people? Let the apaches shout their grossieretes as they gather around the guillotine! Let the wild Indians, the Peaux Rouges, gloat as they dance around the victim they have scalped! But for us, who even in the Middle Ages were known as 'la douce France' because of the refinement of our manners and of our civilization—for us to insult our prisoners is unbelievable in this country of the Rights of Man. The people that insult the prisoners collectively is a race of savages that is not worthy of victory! Remember there are thousands of our brave soldiers prisoners in Germany.

"How are they treated?

"Who knows? Who can tell?

"Remember, however, one is not necessarily a coward because he has been made a prisoner. There are brave men in the German army as well as in ours, like that brave German

soldier of whom we heard the other day who at the peril of his life rescued a wounded Frenchman and whose deed was a splendid act of humanity. Remember the words of the Holy Book, 'Thou shalt not vex nor oppress the stranger within thy gates, for ye yourselves have been strangers in the land of Egypt.'

"If I were the Government I would paraphrase these sublime words of the Bible and I would post them on the walls of every commune in France:

" 'Thou shalt not vex nor oppress the prisoners whom the fortunes of arms has placed within your power, for ye yourselves have been prisoners in Germany.' "

Such is the doctrine of Humanity which is being inculcated in the minds of the working classes in Paris, the proletariat, the Communards of 1871. Do you wonder that I repeat again and again that this is a New France and that, victorious or defeated, nothing can ever destroy her spirit or her civilization?



Soon twilight came along. The crowd that was waiting to see the prisoners learned that they were not coming to Paris. By eight o'clock the cafes were closed as usual, and at half-past nine the few restaurants still doing business bade goodnight to their clients. The big lights down the centre of the boulevards were extinguished. The Champs Elysees was dark as a primeval forest. At half-past ten the boulevards were practically deserted, and half an hour later Paris was fast asleep, undisturbed by disquieting dreams, assured of the present and confident of the future.

I hope I have answered my New York correspondent who wanted to know how Paris received the first real news of the first real French victory.

We had a quiet but cheerful little war breakfast yesterday at Hubin's unpretentious restaurant in the Rue Drouot, near The Figaro office. Nearly a score of American resident correspondents and visiting American newspaper men were on this occasion the guests of Otto H. Kahn, chairman, and of the other directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Several Parisian journalists who happened to be in the restaurant at the time were brought into camp and initiated into the spirit of "bonne camaraderie" of their American confreres. I take the liberty of alluding to this little affair because it gives me an opportunity of acknowledging publicly the thoughtfulness of the gentlemen who are at the head of the First Opera House of the World. I further emphasize this courtesy on their part because I happen to know of cases of worthy representatives of large American business concerns, faithful employees for years in Paris, who seem to have been entirely forgotten in this crisis by their employers or firms in America. I hope The Evening Sun will print this paragraph, for which I hold myself personally responsible; and I hope that it will be read by some of the highly respectable gentlemen whose eyes it is intended to reach and that they will be led to ponder their selfishness while they are passing the plate next Sunday in their several places of worship. God have mercy on them!



When twenty newspaper men are together for two hours at an appetizing breakfast table (for Paris has no better chef than Hubin's and the tariff is "mighty" reasonable) it goes without saying that a lot of professional secrets are bound to leak out. However, I don't tell tales out of school, and you know the old adage, "Dog does not eat dog." The funniest thing about it all was that I was the oldest man in the crowd! That secret

I can tell, for it is my own. There's one other, however, that I am permitted to relate, and here it is:

A few days ago several English and a few American newspaper writers and photographers got permission from the military authorities to make a trip to certain points near the battlefield. They were not satisfied with the privilege they obtained, and had the hardihood to go beyond the forbidden lines a mile or two. Result: They were all arrested! Among them was a rather interesting journalistic personality, a man of about fifty-five, half French and half English, of really wide experience—a fine physical type, with slouch hat, mustache and goatee, quite suggestive of the Three Musketeers. Our "D'Artagnan," as he is popularly called, was quite put out by the affair and perhaps a little bit indignant. So that when he was brought into the presence of a very calm, quiet English officer of gentle speech he drew himself up proudly and, presenting his card, with just a little bit of a flourish announced:

"I sir, am So-and-so of the London Times!"

The gentle-mannered British officer retained his composure admirably. His sangfroid was perfect. He never blinked an eyelash. He simply replied—oh, so gently, so sweetly:

"I am Smith-Dorrien, general in command of this division, and I hope your employer, Lord Northcliffe (who owns the London Times), will compensate you handsomely for your professional enterprise and journalistic zeal; for I am going to send you and the rest of your friends as prisoners to Tours for the rest of this war."

D'Artagnan and his fellow prisoners were allowed five hours' release on parole to settle up their affairs in Paris prior to taking the train for their villegiature at Tours (which, by the way, is at present the popular residence of those members of Paris society who fled so precipitously when they thought that the Germans were coming in). And it was during that

furlough that I met him with some of my confreres at the Cafe Napolitain. I did not know anything about his mishap, but out of respect for a distinguished representative of the "London Thunderer" I invited him to have a drink.

"No! no! my boy! No! no!" said he with a fine gesture. "This is at my expense," adding in a mysterious whisper, "This is my last day in Paris for some time to come; I can't tell you why, because I am on parole. S'sh! Nobody can pay for this drink but me!"

I was much impressed. I was flattered. I was mystified. But I let him pay for the drink. It was not until yesterday at breakfast that the truth came out. I don't know whom the joke was on. Perhaps it was on me!



XVI.

Bombardment of the Cathedral of Rheims Arouses a Feeling of Unparalleled Indignation—Movements of Newspapers—Another Well-Authenticated "Atrocity"—To Restore Louvain.

PARIS, SUNDAY, Sept. 20, 1914.



THE last, after seven weeks of war, during which the Parisian populace from the Place de l'Opera to the fortifications, the Parisian populace of every walk in life has preserved its sangfroid in a manner to compel the admiration of the civilized world—after seven weeks of bloodshed, of carnage; seven weeks in which thousands and thousands of children have become orphans, and thousands and thousands of wives have become widows, the Paris populace has given expression to a sentiment of horror and indignation that my feeble power of utterance is unable adequately to describe.

I opened my morning papers to-day and learned with stupefaction that the beautiful Cathedral of Rheims, that wonderful monument of Gothic architectural art, one of the finest masterpieces of great but unknown artists of the Middle Ages; the sacred edifice built upon the site of the church where St. Remy baptized the pagan King Clovis; the cathedral which was the custodian of the standard of Jeanne d'Arc, crowded with gems of sculpture, paintings, tapestries; unsurpassed by anything in France for the exquisite beauty of its stained glass windows—the Cathedral of Rheims, which had escaped the ravages of

six hundred years of warfare, which in itself symbolized all that is finest in the artistic instinct, in the spiritual aspiration of France, at last had been wantonly, mercilessly, brutally bombarded and damaged to an extent as yet incalculable.

The news stunned me. I could hardly believe I was reading a twentieth century newspaper. Was I dreaming? Or was I back in my college days reading in Livy about the sack of Rome centuries before Christ by the barbarians of the north?

Alas! my friends, it was no dream. It is all too true. And when I went out to take my morning walk around my "quarter" and along the boulevards I saw the evidences of an excitement such as had not been seen since the opening day of the mobilization seven weeks ago. I beg my readers to believe that this is not reportorial "flubdub." I am not writing "to fill space." I am telling you the plain truth. The reported bombardment of the Cathedral of Rheims has horrified the French mind more than all the other disasters suffered by the French people since this damnable war began. Nothing else is talked of where two or three or more are gathered together. Coming as it does after the destruction of Louvain and Malines, is it strange that every one here, American and English as well as French, is of the opinion that had the Germans besieged Paris it would have been the end of the Louvre, the Invalides, Notre Dame, Pantheon, the Sacre-Cœur, the Sainte-Chapelle and every other historic monument in this beautiful city which belong not alone to France, but the human race?

I abstain from indulging in editorial comment. I am only trying to reflect the Parisian mind in this truly sad hour.



For eight days what a Parisian confrere terms the "epic battle of the Aisne" has been under way. Yet all that we in Paris

really know about it is, according to the latest laconic communique, that the Allies have "slowly and continually gained ground without really having dislodged the Germans from the positions which they occupy." Every one feels that it is a terribly bloody conflict; that if the Allies suffer defeat—which I assure you is not expected in Paris—it would mean a renewal of the advance of the Germans toward this city and after all a possible investment.

However, as I said, the spirit of the population as regards the final outcome is as calm and confident as ever. Everybody who remains in Paris (and, by the way, there are quite a number of erstwhile "fugitives" who have quietly slipped back to their haunts on the boulevards) feels that everybody else is his personal friend.

Paris is like a great big family. Everybody talks to everybody else—in the tram cars, in the cafes, in the restaurants, at the street corners, at the newsstands, at the cigar shops. There is not the slightest class distinction. Paris offers a perfect example of a social democracy, and in that respect for me it is specially delightful.

Yesterday morning the Continental edition of the London Daily Mail (of which my amiable and able friend, Mr. Somerville Story, is managing editor), returned to Paris at the order of its proprietor, Lord Northcliffe (Arthur Harmsworth) from Bordeaux, where it went with the Government. At the same time James Gordon Bennett reduced the price of the Paris edition of the New York Herald—which did not go to Bordeaux, but stayed right here with Mr. Bennett—to two cents after having previously (owing to the fear of a raw paper famine) raised it from three to five. Meanwhile a modest little sheet called the Paris Daily Post, which was started after the departure of The Mail to Bordeaux by an English-French lawyer, Albert Meyer, has succeeded in reaching a circulation

of five hundred and eighty-nine after one week's publication!

In passing I must say that I had the pleasure of a brief chat with Mr. Bennett the other day, and I am sure it will please his personal friends in New York as well as all the members of the New York Herald staff over there to know that the "Commodore" looks like a young man of fifty and was in the very best of spirits. He received me with the gracious dignity of an unaffected man of the world. I am not a medical expert, but if I were an insurance agent I should consider Mr. Bennett a "mighty good gamble." Take my word for it, unless the Germans capture him he is going to be "Boss" of the New York Herald for many years to come!



No, I have not been out to the firing line. I have not even been out to see a battlefield. What's the use? I hear enough about both, and I am sure the live cable news sent day by day tells The Evening Sun's readers all they want to know about such things.

Doubtless the American papers have been full of stories of atrocities. I have only told you of one. Let me tell you of another:

Many Americans have stopped at the homelike "pension" of dear old Mme. Doucerain, 12 Rue Caumartin. For several years my American friends, Mr. and Mrs. Schaefer, have also lived there. Mr. Schaefer represents a large American business concern in Paris. Mme. Schaefer knows as much about the shops of Paris, how and where to buy, as any other American permanent resident of my acquaintance. I met Mrs. Schaefer the day before yesterday.

"I have something awful to tell you," said she. "You know Mme. X——, who lives in the apartment above Mme. Dou-

cerain. Her husband went to the front. The other day she got word that he was wounded and was at the Val de Grace Hospital. She went there and was met by the doctor.

"'Is he dying? Is he dead?' she asked.

"'No, my dear madam,' he replied; 'perhaps he had better be dead. You must have courage if you want to see him.'

"Mr. X—— had been shot in the thigh. When his wife saw him he had both his ears cut off and his tongue cut out."

I have no comment to make. None is needed.



My good friend, Gustave Herve, editor of *The Guerre Sociale*, has a splendid idea in his leading editorial this morning, devoted principally to the destruction of the Cathedral of Rheims. He dreamed of a reconstructed, restored Louvain! It is to be a Louvain old, yet new—a Louvain to the restoration of which every civilized country in the world (including, as he said, the future republic of Germany) will contribute. Even the redskins of the Rockies and the negroes of Soudan will be invited to send their contributions.

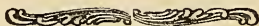
Every institution of learning the wide world over will be asked to aid in the re-equipment of the university of Louvain and its library, while the famous art galleries of every city and nation will, stimulated by a noble rivalry, offer a worthy masterpiece to a museum which shall arise from the cinders of the old.

"In this university," adds Mr. Herve, "the chair of international law will be occupied in perpetuity by a Belgian jurist or in his absence by an English lawyer. And, each year, until the end of time this professor will begin his course by a lecture on the subject 'International Law and Respect for Chiffons de Papier.'" If such a dream as Mr. Herve's should be realized

—and why should it not?—what an intellectual and artistic Mecca the New Louvain will become! What an impressive symbol it will be of the triumph of mind over matter, of idealism over materialism!



There are several hundred American-owned automobiles here left in storage with the agents of a large American banking and transportation concern. The French Government has been commandeering them as it needed them. The official who selects them never fails to ask the name of the owner. Well, if it happens to be that of an American with a German name the machine usually is taken in short order. I am credibly informed, however, that machines belonging to men with good old American names like Riley, Sullivan, O'Flaherty, Regan, Callaghan and Flannigan are perfectly safe!



XVII.

*American War Hospital at Neuilly a Model Institution—
Splendid Work Being Done There—Public Schools
Reopen—Spirit of the English Soldiers.*

PARIS, TUESDAY, Sept. 22, 1914.



TOOK a spin out to Neuilly this afternoon to see how things were getting along at the American "Ambulance" (as the French call an improvised hospital), which has been established in the splendid new Pasteur High School in that delightful suburb of Paris. It has been the first bright cheerful day from the weather standpoint that we have had for a week. For days past we have had nothing but rain, rain, rain!

The weather truly has been most depressing and the thought of the poor devils in the trenches—Germans as well as French and English—has been such as to sadden one's heart. To-day, however, the sun has come out and given a glow of warmth to the crisp autumn air. Paris is truly beautiful now and as I wheeled up the Champs Elysees, passed the Arc de Triomphe and down the Avenue de la Grande Armee to the Porte Maillot, which leads to Neuilly, I had really a delightful feeling of exhilaration. I met so few taxis and autos and cabs that I had no fear in putting on a full head of steam. Paris at present is the bicyclist's paradise.

When I reached the Pasteur High School building, which covers a whole city block, I was astonished to find the street

in front of it crowded with thousands of working people and middle-class men and women.

"What's going on?" I said to the policeman whom I found at the entrance gate. And he answered:

"Nothing unusual sir; this is the way it is every day. Simply the curiosity of our people excited by the activity of the good Americans who have equipped this institution as an ambulance. They want to see the American ladies and doctors going in and out, and watch the wounded soldiers being brought in. From all I can understand it's a very fine hospital and we French people are very proud to have these Americans do such a noble work here."

Then I pulled a package of two-cent cigars out of my pocket and asked him to have one.

"Non, Monsieur! Non, Monsieur! Merci!" he replied.

"Why, don't you smoke?"

"Oh, yes, I smoke," was his response, "but I would much rather you would take those cigars inside and give them to the wounded soldiers; they need them more than I do."

Everything was moving in typical American style at the Ambulance. It is almost full of wounded soldiers, principally English. Dr. Dubouchet, who is an American with a French name, is the surgeon in chief. He "doctored" me once and I know him. He is a splendid man and an honor to his profession. He knows his business. With Dr. Dubouchet doing noble work is Dr. Joseph Blake of New York. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr., is one of the active spirits of the institution and is devoting herself from eight to ten hours a day to the service, winning the love and respect of every one with whom she comes in contact. It is a magnificent work that this American Ambulance is doing and every dollar contributed toward it is well spent.

I think I have told you that I have not been to a battlefield yet. Anybody can go to a battlefield after the fighting is over. So far I have not had the heart to do so. An auto taxi chauffeur with whom I took a ride yesterday told me that he had been down to Meaux with about two hundred other taxis and automobiles laden with Paris firemen—"pompiers," as they call them here. They were sent to dispose of the dead.

"I must have seen five or six thousand corpses," said he. "It was a most ghastly sight—enough to give you the horrors. It seemed to me that more than two-thirds of them were Germans. The firemen poured petrol over bodies, set fire to them and let them burn up. This is the only way to dispose of them. Everything around the country was destroyed. There was hardly a house or a tree standing."

Suppose I had gone out there myself I could not have told you anything more about that battlefield than this taxi chauffeur told me in those few words.



I met a young French officer the other day at a little restaurant, where I had luncheon, who was having a fortnight off to recover from a slight wound. He had been close to the English troops for weeks, and as he spoke English quite fluently he had made many personal friends among them.

"They are a splendid lot of fellows," said he, "and their attitude toward the war impressed us Frenchmen very much. When they started out they were dominated entirely by the sporting spirit. It was like a big game to them, and they were in it to win, just as though they were a visiting cricket team or a football team or a tennis team. Each of them seemed to be more of a good "sport" than a good soldier. In the last week or so, however, I find that the spirit of my English friends has

undergone a complete change. With them this war is no longer sport. As one of them remarked, 'Play days are over and now we are out for blood!' And I think that that is the spirit of every individual in the British army in France to-day."



New York's public school boys and girls will be interested to know that in spite of this war and the proximity of the Germans, the public schools of Paris reopened yesterday as usual for the fall and winter. It will be a little harder work for the teachers, for all the younger male instructors are facing the invader. But the proportion of women teachers is quite large, so that the course of public instruction may proceed fairly normally. All the boys who have just reached the age of twenty, however, have been called to the colors. They belong to what is called the "Class of 1914." If it were not a state of war these young chaps would not have been required to begin their service until November. Understand that this is the first year that the new law requiring a three years' instead of two years' military service has gone into effect. Any one familiar with the story of recent French politics will recall the bitter fight in Parliament over this three years' service question.



My gamin friend, Leon Dieux, who is only eighteen and one-half years of age, knows all about these things. By the way, he was born in Rheims and baptised in the Cathedral of which only the ruins remain to-day. He is very much distressed because he fears that he will never be able to get the certificate of his birth which is necessary to secure a legitimate marriage in France. I have tried to comfort him by telling him

that if he comes to America he can get married perfectly legitimately by a Jersey justice of the peace in Hoboken.

"Nearly all the young fellows of twenty that I know are now wearing the uniform," said Leon. "Some of them have gone to Versailles, Orleans or Rouen; some to Nancy and some are right here in Paris at the Military School. They have taken the place of the boys who began last year and who have now gone to the war. The Government is training them. They march, they learn to carry and use the gun, and the whole day long they do exercises in the barracks. If there is need of them in a month or so after this military training they will be sent to re-enforce the armies at the battle.

"The boys of nineteen years of age already have been notified by the Government that they may be called to replace their elders if necessary within a month and they are devoting all their spare time from their studies to physical exercises and military training. You know all the young French boys (even like me, a common ordinary working boy) like out-of-door sport, and we read in the newspapers about the American boys of our age who enjoy themselves in the same way. I can only tell you that we poor boys up in the Chapelle quarters where Georges Carpentier, our great boxer, went to school, are intensely interested in football, boxing, swimming, long-distance running—and I think if we understood that game of baseball that you Americans are so much interested in and from what I hear is so lively and exciting, we French boys, if you'd give us a chance, ought to be able to show you how to play it after the war is over!"

Perhaps you think that I am making this up "to fill space," but I assure you this little Paris gamin Leon, who reads two or three different Paris papers every day, knows everything that the public can know about the military movement of the war, the diplomatic action of the Government and the smallest detail

of the daily life of Paris. He amazes me. I believe he would make a great newspaper man with proper training.



Figaro has been publishing a translation of the prophecies of a sixteenth century monk. It is curious to note that in the minds of the French existing conditions would seem to bear out his prophecy that the Kaiser, according to the Book of Revelations, is truly the Anti-Christ therein foretold. All of which reminds me that when I was a little boy, living with my grandmother in a small town named Cavan in Ireland, there was a very admirable old lady of emotional religious qualities who frequented my grandmother's house and fully convinced her and me, child that I was, that Napoleon III. was in fact the Anti-Christ described by St. John in his Revelations. One hundred years from now, when the next war breaks out, I am sure that there will be plenty of equally nice religious old ladies and others prepared to convince other nice old grandmothers like mine and impressionable little boys such as I was, that Anti-Christ is still doing business at the same old stand!



XVIII.

Neither War Nor Rumors of War Can Disturb the Olympian Serenity of France's "Immortals"—Weekly Sessions as Usual—Press Censorship—Clemenceau Has His "Say."

PARIS, THURSDAY, Sept. 24, 1914.



WHILE the cannons thunder along the Aisne and human lives are perishing by thousands upon the battlefields of Europe the Academie Francaise—France's "Immortals"—continues to hold its weekly sessions on Thursday afternoons at the Institute of France, that monument to the genius of Mazarin, its Olympic calm undisturbed by the horrors of war in 1914 as in 1870-71, during the siege, and even the Commune.

Curiosity to get a glimpse of some of these eminent men of the France of to-day led me over this afternoon to their historic meeting place. When I got there I found that they had already been in session some time. I was shown into a little room which I was told was the newspaper men's headquarters. Half a dozen very agreeable Parisian reporters were on hand waiting to get the news if there was any.

Understand that the members of the Academy do not hold their ordinary meeting in the great hall crowned by the immense cupola which looks across the Pont des Arts toward the Louvre. They have a large workroom connected with the Mazarin Library, in the centre of which is a big table on which lie forty portfolios and around which are forty armchairs. No

outsiders are permitted while the Academiciens are in session and all you can find out about the proceedings is what they choose to communicate very formally or what you can obtain from a "leaky" member. This afternoon, as usual, the Academiciens present, of whom there were twelve, devoted themselves to their usual routine work on the dictionary. I think they are only somewhere at the end of the letter "E!"



So, you see, I really can't tell you much about what happened behind those closed doors (although I heard they passed a resolution of sympathy for their confrere Ernest Lavisse, whose house was burned by the Germans in the east), but it is interesting as a matter of record to know who were there, for I saw each one of them as he left. One of the first to descend was the famous Napoleonic authority, M. Frederic Masson. A man of medium height, considerable avoirdupois, broad, strong face, with a slight grayish-brown mustache, he seemed about sixty-five years of age and looked like he might be the head of a big banking house. Close behind him came the trimmest, neatest looking little French artillery captain, with his spotless light blue tunic fitting him like wax, round rosy cheeks and a dainty little mustache. It was Marcel Prevost, who makes a specialty of analyzing the psychology of the gentler sex. He gets leave of absence from his fort in the environs of Paris to attend the weekly meetings of the Academie.

A thin nervous man, perhaps sixty-five, with short straggling beard, muffled in an overcoat, who hurried out to the courtyard and jumped into an automobile was Gabriel Hannotaux, former Minister of Foreign Affairs and one of the most active spirits in the France-Amerique Committee whose purpose is to strengthen the cordial relations between France and the New

World. The sturdy iron gray whiskered man who looked like a prosperous Western farmer with whom M. Hannotaux shook hands as he departed was Mr. Denis Cochin, one of France's most brilliant publicists and one of the Deputies who represent Paris in Parliament.



Presently appeared at the doorway a man whose type of face and genial manner reminded me of Marion Crawford. I knew I had seen his face quite recently in the newspapers, and as he was about to light his cigarette with the most nonchalant unacademic air, I had the impudence to approach him and say:

"This must be M. Maurice Barres?"

"Parfaitement, Monsieur!" he replied with a twinkle in his eye; "and I think you must be an American. Won't you have a cigarette?"

Of course I accepted his courteous offer. We had a few minutes' agreeable chat, and he left me after shaking my hand cordially and expressing his high regard for the United States and all it represents.

A few minutes later there passed out a man of medium height and slender figure, with closely buttoned overcoat, brown hat and brown mustache. He looked like an army or navy man "encivile."

"You must have seen him in New York," remarked one of my Paris confreres.

But I had not and I was rather surprised to be told it was none other than Naval Lieut. Pierre Loti, for from what I had read about him I had conceived an entirely different idea of his physical personality.

There was no mistaking the next Academicien who crossed the courtyard. He was a man with the physique of a heavy weight champion. He wore a dark, short, double-breasted jacket and a soft gray hat with a black band. Underneath the rim of that hat danced a pair of keen, merry, bluish gray eyes. His well trimmed full beard was slightly parted in the middle. You could feel he was a man of magnetism. That man was the author of "La Glue," the Academicien who shocked some of his fellow "Immortals" by glorifying the tango in literature—Jean Richepin. Here my impudence got the better of me again, and I had to shake hands with him. M. Richepin was soon joined by Rene Doumic, the eminent literary critic of *The Gaulois*, a striking looking man, with a military mustache and pointed beard, and by Maurice Donnay, the well known dramatist, brownish mustache and sharp featured. While walking slowly behind came Etienne Lamy, perpetual secretary of the Academie; Francis Charnes, historian, the presiding officer, and Etienne Boutroux, the philosopher, who looked the part, with his long gray white beard, scholastic stoop and abstracted air.



That was all. I trailed behind them through the quiet courts out onto the quai and watched those who had not already departed in autos either take their way across the Pont des Arts or stroll along beside the shelves of the scores and scores of second hand book sellers that decorate and have decorated for so many generations past this border of the Seine.

It was another beautiful autumn afternoon. The sun was sinking and its horizontal rays gave a peculiar lustre to the lingering verdure of the trees along the river. The sharply defined shadows of the arched bridge on the flowing water added

another detail to the picture. When I reached the Tuilleries Gardens they were alive with mothers and children. School-days have begun, you know, and five o'clock is the hour when the little folk seek their recreation. It was rather surprising to me to see how many of them are remaining in Paris—children evidently of well-to-do parents. They were playing tennis and shuttlecock, rolling hoops and tossing balls, and the pretty little basin in which the fountain was playing was dotted with toy sailboats. It made me think for a moment that I was three or more thousand miles away in Central Park, New York, instead of being in Paris during the war of 1914.



The newspapers here are beginning to grow very restive under the restrictions of the censor. Curiously enough there are two censors—one at the temporary capital of Bordeaux and the other in Paris. Oftentimes the Bordeaux censor will let something pass which the Paris censor cuts out.

One man, however, seems to be a bit more favored than any of his brother editors—Georges Clemenceau. For some reason or other Clemenceau dares to say things—and gets them printed—that no one else dare say. The Ministry is just a little bit afraid of him—octogenarian though he almost be.

Yesterday I got a copy of *The Evening Sun* of September ninth. It contains the account of the capture of Maubeuge. Would you believe it that not one word about that disaster was printed in Paris until the day before yesterday, Tuesday, September twenty-second? It was *Le Temps* (which has just come back to Paris from Bordeaux) in which the first announcement appeared. The next morning (yesterday) the other papers reported the bare facts, with the excuse that *Le Temps* already had done so. And yet every concierge in Paris knew

what had happened, for it was the concierge of the house in which M. Jacque Rouche, the opera director, lives, who first told me confidentially, as she had two sons whom she supposed were either killed or taken prisoners.



I find in a copy of *The Secolo* of Milan a despatch from Berlin in which a German officer who was wounded in the battle of the Marne gives his impressions regarding the value of the opposing artillery. Perhaps they are worth printing as a matter of record. Here they are:

"In this war the last word will be spoken by the artillery. For that we must await the decisive victory.

"Our grenades are well made and the tremendous noise they make in exploding must have its effect upon the enemy. On the other hand the appearance of mortiers de campagne on the scene has been a great success for us.

"But the French obus is a projectile of the first quality and explodes with an astonishing precision. At the outset of the war all our shells burst too high, and we learned this fact from letters of French artillerymen and officers which we found in villages invaded.

"It must be admitted that the French artillerymen are extraordinarily good shots and their signal service must be marvellously organized.

"Finally the French service of supplies in munitions also must be perfect. Never have I known it to happen that the fire of the batteries has ceased because of exhaustion of ammunition."



Out of justice to myself I beg to say that I have modified

my views considerably since I learned definitely of the fall of Maubeuge and of the hitch in the advance of the so-called Russian "steam roller." Whatever may be the outcome of the terrible battle being waged from the Somme to the Meuse, it would seem that the optimistic hope that this war would be over sooner than many sage persons had thought must be toned down considerably. In Paris among the masses—high and low—the feeling has taken hold that it will be "*dure et longue*," although at the beginning the popular idea was that it would be a three months' affair. But every one accepts the situation resignedly. So much so that I think the censorship of the press might with perfect safety be reduced to the very minimum. A curious change seems to have come over the Parisian mentality as compared with what it must have been forty-four years ago.



XIX.

Typical Home Life of a Paris Workingman—Supper in La Chapelle Quarter with Leon's Friends, the Selame Family—Where Joan of Arc Attended Mass.

PARIS, SATURDAY NIGHT, Sept. 26, 1914.



I HAVE just had one of the most interesting evenings I ever had in Paris. Do you remember Gustave Charpentier's opera "Louise"? Do you remember the closing scene of the first act? Do you think that was merely a stage picture? It is the truth. Perhaps this may be a banal story, but I shall tell it and let it go at that.

My gavroche retainer Leon yesterday invited me to have dinner—or I should say supper—with the family who have looked after him and his little brothers since his mother and father died three or four years ago. Could I refuse? Of course not. So at about six o'clock we started for the Chapelle quarter of Paris—a quarter that in some respects corresponds with certain sections of Tenth avenue or Avenue A in New York.

As we were approaching the home of his good friends M. and Mme. Selame, thirty-three Rue Torcy, way up on the heights of northeast Paris, the Thirty-second Regiment of Infantry was passing down the Rue de la Chapelle on its way, after a few days of repose, to re-enforce the French Army at the front. Everybody in the quarter had turned out to greet and cheer the little French "Piou-Pious." Everybody in this

great crowd of working people seemed to have something to give the soldiers. One had a package of cigarettes, another had a handful of fruit, another had a plate of tarts, another had a great long loaf of bread. It was a wonderfully interesting sight, a sight to move your heart. The regiment passed on, the crowd dispersed and soon the quarter became unusually quiet, for I am told that in other times than war times its streets at this hour are thronged with human beings.



Leon took me directly to the Selames' simple little apartment of two rooms (its cost is fifty-four dollars a year) and I met Mother Selame and the dear old grandmother of eighty-three years of age, whose sight was failing but whose intelligence still was keen. They greeted me cordially but not servilely. There was a fine dignity about these simple Parisian working people that added to my respect for the race. We were told that dinner would be ready when the "bonhomme," the master of the house, had finished his daily work.

"Let us go and get him," I said to Leon and to his foster cousin, Auguste Selame, a boy of nineteen years, whose nickname I learned was "Pierrot."

So off we went around the corner to La Chapelle Market house, where we found Father Selame hard at work with twenty other honest laboring men washing out the market. He was quite proud of his job and presented me to the Market Master, who informed me that La Chapelle Market was one of the best paying institutions of its kind in this city of Paris.

"We never have a vacant stall," said he. "Each person pays one franc per day for a stall privilege. He or she must have lived in the quarter at least ten years and there is a wait-

ing list now of scores who may not get a chance to rent a stall for many, many months."



We left Father Selame finishing his job and then we made a tour of the district. Leon and Auguste showed me the public school which they had attended and then took me across the street and showed the "Ouvroir"—as they call it—where the good Sisters of Charity give employment to hundreds of young girls of the neighborhood at ten cents a day sewing on shirts for the soldiers. Next we strolled up the Rue de la Chapelle and reached a little church—a very little church. In front of it stood what I thought was one of the best statues of Jeanne d'Arc that I have seen in Paris.

"Here is where we boys were baptised and confirmed," said Leon, "and here is where Mother Selame was married."

Just then a middle-aged priest with a fine classic face came out and the boys introduced me to him. I found him both gracious and intelligent.

"It's a very old church," said he. "It dates from the thirteenth century. Originally it gave its name to the district which was known as the village of La Chapelle, this territory lying quite outside the old city walls. Before it stood a church built in the fourth century dedicated to Sainte Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris. This church is dedicated to St. Denis. The facade, which you see, is rather Greek in its style, in a restoration of the eighteenth century. Come inside (which we did) and you will see in this simple structure one of the most interesting examples in Paris of the evolution from the Roman style of architecture to the Gothic. The carved pulpit which seems to attract you dates from the middle of the eighteenth century. The choir, as you see, is a comparatively

modern addition and not quite in harmony with the rest of the architecture."

As I do not pretend to be an architectural expert, I will only add that perhaps it might repay some students of this art when next they are in Paris to pay a visit to this quaint little church. Here it was that Jeanne d'Arc attended mass before engaging in another Siege of Paris, of which history tells us all about. With her army she advanced to the Port St. Honore and there was wounded. She was brought back to a farm house just behind the church (so my friend Leon told me) and was restored to a sound condition. A portion of that farm still exists, and I saw three very fine cows in the enclosure being milked. What more proof could you demand of my historical accuracy?



It was now time for supper. Back we went to the little apartment of the Selames. There was a big round table which nearly filled the room, on which there were eight large soup plates and eight glasses and two bottles of white wine which probably cost eleven cents apiece. Mother and grandmother were awaiting us. Two young daughters, Julienne, eighteen years old, who before the war worked in the sewing room of the Printemps department shop, and Rose, sixteen years old, who until the war threw her out of work was a paper box maker, joined us. Simply but neatly clad they took their places with us at the table. Auguste had worked in a sugar refinery until the war broke out. Presently in came Father Selame, a slender man of fifty, with a mustache still black and with a genial, kindly air. He shook me by the hand warmly and gave me a genuine welcome to his humble home. Before sitting down he took off his coat and threw it on the bed near by. Both Auguste and Leon, I noticed, had also removed their

coats. We were about to drink a toast in the simple eleven-cent white wine to grandmother when Leon tapped me on the elbow and remarked:

"You see our custom in working people's families when we eat supper?"

I took his tip, and with as little fuss as possible I also removed my coat and reseated myself in my short sleeves. I remember some years ago when an eminent politician in New York who was campaigning in the Bowery for an eminent political office of the Empire State thought he could make a hit with the people of that district by making a speech in his shirt sleeves. I also remember that he did not make a hit at all. Instead of uncoating he should have followed the practice of the famous Mayor of New York, Fernando Wood, who never went down to the lower wards to address "the boys" unless he was in his smartest evening clothes. I thought of this a few minutes after I had removed my coat, but later on Leon informed me confidentially that I had done the right thing at the right time.



Well, what did we have to eat? I know you are getting hungry as I was after my walk around the quarter and my inspection of the market and my study of ecclesiastical architecture. It was a very simple meal. An immense dish of ragout of veal—mighty fine, toothsome, tender veal—with every kind of vegetable you can imagine! Bless your heart but it was good! Jimmy Regan's best chef couldn't touch it! Fred Sterry hasn't anything like it on his bill of fare at the Plaza. Muschenheim of the Astor ought to cable for the recipe at once! Each of us had a big soup dish full of it, and I had a second helping! As we ate it we all engaged in that best of

appetizing sauces—"cheerful conversation." Mother Selame told me about her older son, a dragoon, who is in the thick of the fight in the battle of the Aisne. Father Selame explained how difficult it was to make ends meet during the war, although each member of the family is allowed twenty-five cents a day from the local Mairie. He gets one dollar a day for his work in the Market House, but instead of the ordinary ten hours required, he has to work fifteen without increase of pay, so that the families of the market employees who are at the front may draw their absent breadwinners' salaries. It imposed a heavy extra burden on him, but he bore it cheerfully and gladly.

After the ragout came a great big dish of delicious, crisp salad with a "bully good" dressing and a bit of cheese on the side. No French dinner is complete without fruit, and fruit we had—nice sweet little pears—followed by the regulation cup of coffee.



While we were drinking our coffee Julienne produced a mandolin and entertained us with the "Merry Widow Waltz," while Auguste told me of the splendid swimming and bath house which the city had erected in the quarter and which could be used by everybody for four cents. Mother Selame thought that one of the best public institutions in La Chapelle was the "Lavoir," the public wash house, where anybody can take her linen in the evening and have it boiled overnight for four or five cents and the next day go there and for a few cents more get a big tub with plenty of soap and complete the job herself.

When we had finished coffee all of us, except grandmother, started for a stroll. I took Mother Selame on one arm and sister Julienne on the other. Father Selame and Rose led the way and Leon and Auguste trailed behind. We walked down

to the fortifications, saw the barricades erected against a possible invasion, had the house pointed out where mother and father first lived after their marriage, heard some funny stories about the queer people of the neighborhood, talked to the policemen that they all seemed to know and returned to the family residence at about ten o'clock, when I bade them good night and took my leave.




Such is the simple story of one of the most delightful prandial events of my life.



XX.

Waiting to Hear of the Kaiser's Assassination—How the Paris Masses Expected Mme. de Thebes' Prediction to Be Realized—Little Denise Cartier, Heroine—George.

PARIS, THURSDAY, Sept. 29, 1914.

 HIS it St. Michael's Day—St. Michael, the patron saint of the soldier. It is also the twenty-ninth day of September. It has been a day of attente—of expectation, of waiting for something to happen. This feeling of attente has pervaded all the quarters, has obsessed the minds of all the "little people" of Paris. When I stopped to buy my papers this morning at my favorite kiosque on the Boulevard the proprietress remarked:

"I wonder if it will happen?"

Later on, when I entered the little cigar shop to get my daily supply of two-cent Governmental stogies, the cheery little woman who therein presides interrupted the proceedings to inquire:

"Do you *really* think that it will be his end?"

Later on, returning to my hotel, I passed through the St. Honore Market to buy a couple of pears, and as I was settling my account the sturdy market woman asked me eagerly:

"Have you heard if he has been assassinated yet or not?"

This may all seem very mystifying if you do not know already that Mme. de Thebes, the great fortune teller, had predicted that the German Emperor would meet his fate on Sep-

tember 29, 1914. It may seem incredible, but I assure you that the impression that this prediction had made upon the minds of the Parisian working classes, the concierges, the street vendors, the cochers, the patrons of the little wine shops was quite extraordinary. However, as the day progressed and as the evening approached Mme. de Thebes' reputation as a prophetess suffered a serious depreciation. Parisian-like, the people began to treat it as a joke. It is now almost midnight and so far as we know the Kaiser is safe and sound and enjoying the best of health!



No observer who has been here since the war began can fail to have noticed the extraordinary religious renaissance in France. I have already told you about the great religious demonstration at Notre Dame Cathedral, which occurred a few weeks ago. Last Sunday afternoon I climbed the heights of Montmartre and attended vespers at the Sacre Cœur, that great white basilica which dominates the entire city. I have been at the Sacre Cœur on other Sunday afternoons in other years when merely a handful of worshippers was present. Last Sunday afternoon, however, the great edifice was packed. Thousands and thousands of candles were being lit and put in front of the many altars of the church by relatives and friends of those who were at the front fighting for their country, or who had already fallen on the field of battle. You could feel the spirit of reawakened faith in the air. It was just the same spirit that vitalized the old-fashioned American Methodist camp meeting.

It is true that of recent years, since the separation of the Church and State in France, the Government policy has been ultra anti-clerical. Personally I cannot believe in a State Church. Like the great Italian statesman, I accept the doctrine

of "a free church in a free State." I cannot help feeling, nevertheless, that in many respects recent French Governments have shown a lack of wisdom in their extreme anti-clericalism. Extremes always produce reaction.

When the war broke out the Governmental authorities made it a special point to see that all the Catholic priests possible should be compelled to go to the front as common soldiers. They responded nobly. Every one admits that there have been no better or braver soldiers than they. Hundreds have been killed and hundreds have been promoted to be officers. They have proved that they were men first and priests afterward. They have raised the Catholic priesthood of France in the es-sheltering themselves as army chaplains, from shot and shell, they have been lying in the trenches with the members of their flocks, where they have been ever ready whenever a comrade received a mortal wound to drop their muskets and administer the last offices of the Church.

As a non-Catholic it gives me great pleasure to state these facts, which are based upon the most reliable and unbiassed information. The Government may have intended to restrict the influence of the Catholic clergy in France, but unwittingly it has done something that will put this same clergy in closer, more intimate, more human touch with the masses that could even have been imagined by the Vatican itself.



During the past five or six days the emotional barometer of Paris has been steadily mounting. Even the visit of the German aeroplanes last Sunday when one of them dropped a bomb within a block of the American Embassy, instantly killing Rene Hocquet, an elderly lawyer, who was taking a Sunday stroll, timation of all classes several hundred per cent. Instead of

and so injuring the leg of a thirteen-year-old girl, Denise Cartier, who had gone out to buy a loaf of bread for the family repast, that she had to have her limb amputated, has not tended to check the growing cheerfulness of spirits which at this writing Paris is experiencing. Little Denise, by the way, is just now the city's heroine. "Don't tell mother it is serious," was what she said as they picked her up—just half a block from the American Embassy—to take her to the hospital.



A few weeks ago hardly a note of music was to be heard in this city. Anybody who played a piano was considered an outlaw. However, one after another cinematograph houses opened where small orchestras played the "Marseillaise," the Russian national hymn, "God Save the King" and the Belgian royal anthem. I took a drive around the Montmartre section the other night with my friend George Smith, the only English "cocher" in Paris—a jolly, ruddy faced Britisher who has lived here thirty years and knows as much about the city and its points of historic interest as Georges Cain of the Musée Carnavalet. The only bright spot in that district which to so many foolish Americans represents Paris life was the big electrically illuminated mill of the Moulin Rouge. I peeked in for a few minutes. My! my! What a Moulin Rouge! You, fellow Americans who have visited Paris on pleasure bent, don't have to be told what the Moulin Rouge is when the city is "wide open." The Moulin Rouge that I saw the other evening was one of the most innocent cinematograph entertainments that I have ever known, and the audience consisted principally of a very nice class of women and children.

I was starting back to my hotel when George called my attention to the light that was creeping through the shutters on the famous cabaret of the equally famous chansonnier, Aristide Bruant, who is now a well-to-do farmer a long way from Montmartre, somewhere in the provinces. George and I entered to see what was going on. The little room, decorated with Breton wood carvings and an endless assortment of sketches, caricatures and grotesque drawings by young artists of "the quarter," was filled with young men and women of the neighborhood. Half a dozen soldiers in uniform gave a touch of color to the otherwise sombre aspect of the place. There was plenty of cigar and pipe smoke. It was half past nine o'clock and no one could get a drop to drink; for the drinking hours close at eight and the military order is absolutely enforced.

What were these people doing? you will ask. What was there to amuse them? Well, there were four or five "entertainers," one of them an elderly man with a clean shaven face and long hair, and the others ranging in age from twenty-five to thirty-five. In turn each stood up beside a piano that was not in the very best of tune and which was being vigorously pounded by a little man with a black mustache and sang war songs from little sheets which they afterward offered for sale for two cents instead of "passing the hat." Everybody bought one, and after they bought them the song was sung over again and everybody joined in the chorus, while a large middle aged amiable looking woman presiding behind the cash box smiled approval on the proceedings. I found the "entertainers" to be a jovial, genial, witty lot of fellows. In the days of Bruant, the proprietor, who was the chief "entertainer," helped make himself famous by poking fun not of a too nice kind at every stranger who entered his establishment. One or two of these successors of his tried this trick on me, but with the aid of my friend George, who knows Paris slang as well as a Parisian

born, I got a few "cracks" at them in return, and when I showed the pianist that I could improve his harmony for one of the songs they were singing I was immediately taken into camp and invited to come again.

Street music is also more frequently heard. And the broken down fiddler and the poor working girl with a cracked voice out of a job can always collect a crowd and earn a few francs if they get to work at a street corner.



The Paris journalists who did not flee to Bordeaux during "the panic" when the Germans were less than twenty miles outside of the city continue to have a lot of fun at the expense not only of their confreres but of the many other non-combatant Parisians who thought that just at that time their state of health required such a change of air as only Bordeaux or Tours could afford. You can tell a Parisian "fuyard" who has sneaked back to the city by the shamefaced look he wears. He is wonderfully prolific in his excuses. His ingenuity in this respect almost reaches genius. However, as a compensating feature if you meet him at a cafe he always insists upon paying for the drinks.

Abel Hermant, the clever Parisian dramatist, had a very witty article in last evening's *Intransigeant* in which he replied to the Bordeaux contingent's sneer that Paris at last had "become a provincial city," being no longer "the Capital of France." He concludes his article as follows:

"'A Capital'—that is not a mere geographical expression or even political, any more than 'a Fatherland.' 'A Fatherland'—that is the name of a soul; 'a Capital'—that is also the name of a soul, especially when the Capital of which we speak is Paris. And Paris knows very well that it has not suddenly lost its

soul like the traveler who lost his shadow. Never has it felt itself so vital. Never has it felt its soul so conscious in its great body. It does not attempt to conceal the fact that this soul composed of so many individual souls has suffered some diminution since a month ago. But when it makes up the account of what it has lost it observes that it is only 'tout Paris.' Pas grand chose!—very small matter after all! We find that we here are only *les petites gens*—'the little people.' I wonder after all if the real Paris is not the Paris of the 'little people'!"

Personal Intelligence—Mr. William Dodsworth, formerly of Milwaukee, and for years Special Agent here of the American Express Company—"glass of fashion and mold of form"—is still a decorative feature of Paris life.

Boyd Neel is back from London. All he is waiting for is the reopening of the New York Stock Exchange.



Well, Clemenceau caught it at last! The Government let him go to the "limit" in his *L'Homme Libre*. Finally Minister of War Millerand decided to call a halt on his criticisms and his paper was suspended. Did that worry the "Old Tiger?" Not a bit of it! Next day he had a paper out as usual, but it was not called *L'Homme Libre*.—The *Freeman*—but *L'Homme Enchainé*—The Man in Chains! Can you beat him?

XXI.

Bidding Paris Good-bye—An Emotional Occasion—Casual Reflections—A Very Parisian Incident—George and Sans-Gene—French Protestantism Protests.

PARIS, FRIDAY, Oct. 2, 1914.



THIS is my last day in and my last letter from Paris during the war of 1914. I won't say "1914-15," because I don't want to believe that these criminal proceedings can possibly extend until New Year; I fear I am hoping against hope. In two hours and a half I shall take the train for Havre to sail for New York. No one who has not been here since the beginning of the war can understand the feelings of one who has remained during these indescribable times in taking leave of this city.

This is no pose. If you have been a visitor to Paris for five or six summers in succession and spent each time two or three months—not in the gay world, not in "society," but simply as a plain everyday American citizen seeking information and recreation—you might realize how it would tug at your heart strings to turn your back in such an hour upon this great center of civilization; for after all my observations of thirty-one years in newspaperdom I have come to the conclusion as an Americanized Irishman with a fairly good early home training and tolerable educational privileges that the French people, taking them all in all from top to bottom, are the most civilized people in the world.

I hope my many Americanized German friends won't be angry with me for this statement. No one more than I recognizes the fine qualities of the German mentality. The college to which I owe more of my education, such as it is, than to any other influence, was built up largely upon German university principles. Nevertheless French culture—please observe this word "culture"—is a necessity in the world's intellectual evolution. Perhaps one of the results of this bloody carnage now in progress will be the blending of Teutonic erudition—please observe the word "erudition" in this instance—with French culture.

These two elements combined with an American-Anglo-Saxon impulse may produce a force that will renovate this old world of ours. I can't help believing that we are passing through a period vastly more important in the history of the human race than that wonderful period when Florence was the center of intellectual activity; when Savonarola thundered; when Lorenzo de Medici surrounded himself with the scholarship of the civilized world; when Fra Angelico wrought his imperishable frescoes in the Convent of St. Marc's; when that universal genius, Leonardo da Vinci painted his "Mona Lisa"—I can't help feeling but that we are now passing through a period in world history that will leave an impress on the social, intellectual, artistic and religious sides of the human race more far reaching in its influence on our future development than the so-called Renaissance!



Excuse these divagations; but you must accept this correspondence as more or less foolishly personal. I am just telling you what I think on the eve of my departure to America. I hate to go just now. There is something in the air. It may be

a fantasy like the story of the Russians coming around from Archangel by way of Northern Scotland. Everybody believed that story; it had a wonderful psychological effect on the French public. Whoever started it had a good knowledge of human nature. It braced up the popular spirit during a trying hour.

How much truth there is in the latest story that is going around I know not. The official communiques are excessively discreet. I do not feel justified in disclosing what my friends the French major of cuirassiers, and the police commissioner of my quarter told me this morning. Before this letter is printed in New York the facts will be known. However, reading between the lines of the official announcements, it would seem that things are going fairly well for the French and English in this seemingly interminable siege—the battle of the Aisne. Whether the stories afloat are true or not the emotional barometer of Paris to-day is very high.

I am leaving Paris in a reasonably comfortable state of mind, but before going I took a bit of a spin around to look the people over. An unusually good spirit prevails. The boulevards, were it not for the closed shops and absence of the auto buses, looked almost normal. True it is the Rue de la Paix is practically deserted and the contingent of foreigners who patronize the "terrace" in front of the Cafe de la Paix is absent, leaving the establishment almost without clients. Further down the boulevards, however, toward the east an hour ago I found the real French cafes filled with a cheerful coffee drinking, syrup and soda sipping crowd, all wondering whether "the good news" which no newspaper did more than hint at most indirectly were true.



Just before I came to my hotel to pack up my baggage and

dictate this letter the lights on the boulevards were illuminated. There seemed to be a few more than usual, and when I dropped in at the Cafe Neapolitan to have a cup of tea with some of my confreres the subject of conversation was the action of the censor in cutting out of several newspapers this morning a reference to the fact that the Government was considering a revival with its emoluments of the old title of "Marshal of France," as it was evident that such an honor would not be awarded unless for "specially distinguished services in the field," and as there could be no other general in view than Joffre "the silent." Gambetta it was who said in 1875 that no man could ever expect to be Marshal of France who did not find the way to Strasburg. Is it possible that something has happened to justify the making of a Marshal? We all wondered.



My farewell dejeuner in Paris was taken with Gustave Herve, editor of the Socialist organ, "La Guerre Sociale." We spent two hours together and I got from him an inside view of French politics which was most instructive—for myself—as this is no time to discuss such subjects. As a matter of fact, I did not realize before how justified the French Government was in leaving Paris for Bordeaux. Herve still thinks that perhaps they left a little too soon; that they might have chanced staying here a day or so longer. But the Germans were painfully close to the gates of Paris at that moment, and the Government before its reorganization was actually considering the proposition of the then Minister of War, M. Messimy, to offer no resistance but let their army march into Paris as they did into Brussels. If any person thinks that France was seeking war on this occasion all he needs to know—if he is an honest truth seeker—is that the forts around Paris, in the opinion of

many well informed Frenchmen, were at that time not in condition to restrain the attacks of the enemy. If it were not for the seeming miracle which occurred the Germans, many think, could have walked into Paris just as easily as a St. Patrick's Day parade from Fifth avenue could have taken possession of Columbus Circle by way of Fifty-ninth street. But something happened—we are still waiting to know all the truth. The German army turned aside to the southeast. Paris was saved from the invader.

Why, a student of human events will ask, is there after all "a divinity which shapes our ends?" Was it part of the design of the Unknown Power of which the universe is the expression that this city and the finest things in it should be preserved from the fate of Louvain or Malines? I leave this question to be answered, not by a military strategist but by a theologian—orthodox or otherwise.



A typical Parisian incident occurred during dejeuner. A tall, handsome man of rather aristocratic air approached our table.

"Permit me to present myself," said he. "I want to renew my acquaintance with Monsieur Herve. Perhaps he will remember that we were fellow jailbirds a few years ago when he was locked up for his dreadful Socialistic editorials, while the same Government locked me up for my flaming royalist eloquence at a demonstration of the 'camelots du roi.'"

"Why, certainly I do," replied Monsieur Herve, shaking the other's hand cordially. "You are Monsieur Ludovic Leblanc, a brother journalist. We found ourselves together in jail for our diametrically opposed opinions, and now we meet for the first time since then at table with a Jeffersonian Amer-

ican, who probably thinks we are both a bit foolishly extreme."

And then over our coffee Monsieur Herve recalled the occasion (during incarceration) when Monsieur Leblanc invited him to a "jail party" in honor of the birthday of Louis XVI. Herve declined, although he admits accepting an admirable dish of poulet saute from the royalist feast. Later on he invited Leblanc to a "jail party" in honor of the fall of the Bastille. Likewise declined! However, the son-in-law of Karl Marx, Paul Lafarge, who at the age of seventy committed suicide with his wife, had bequeathed to Herve twenty-five bottles of very old Rhine wine. Herve and Leblanc compromised by having a "jail party" together after all on a *dies non*, at which each drank to the health and speedy liberation of the other in this Karl Marxian brand of Rhine, wine whose mellow virtue is said to be powerful enough to transform the bitterest partisan strife into a peace that almost passeth understanding.

Such an incident as this could only happen in Paris, and that is why I think it is worth the telling.



Just a few words about my friend George Smith—the only English "cocher" in Paris—of whom I have already spoken. He almost wept as he told me that he couldn't drive me to the station to-night, as he had to have his cab outside the fortifications before eight o'clock. He insisted, however, upon my having a ride with him across the river to the Quai Conti and the corner of the little Rue de Nevers, just opposite the Pont-Neuf, where the statue of Henry Quatre gazes up the Seine toward Notre Dame.

"You see that fifth story up there in the mansard roof?" said George, pointing with his whip. "That's where *He* lived when he was a poor devil of a sub-lieutenant. Get out of the cab

and walk down the street here and I will show you where *He* had his washing done."

So George led me with reverent step to No. 5 Rue de Nevers. It was the last house left standing on the south side of the narrow street; the others between it and the Quai have been torn down to make way for "modern improvements." Fortunately the dwelling in which once existed the blanchisserie of Madame Sans-Gené is likely to be preserved as a historic relic. George is a great admirer of Madame Sans-Gené, and I am only sorry that Miss Geraldine Farrar was not in Paris to-day instead of being in Munich to take this little drive with me and George to catch a fresh inspiration for her study of the title role of *Giordano's* new opera which she will create this winter in New York.

If George had been a Latin instead of a jovial Britisher I think he would have embraced me instead of merely vigorously shaking hands with me when he said "good-by." He was just a bit mellow, but his humor was at its best.

"There is a fine American gentleman that comes to Paris every year that won't let anybody else drive him but me," said George proudly. "One day I had a couple of glasses of red wine too much.

" 'George,' says he, 'I won't trust myself with you; you're half drunk.'

" 'What's the matter with the other half?' says I.

" 'We had our drive.'"

When you visit Paris after the war don't miss George.



It is interesting to note in closing that the Federation of Protestant Churches in France, which includes Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists, has not failed

to put itself on record as to its sentiments regarding certain incidents of the war. It has just issued the following manifesto to the Protestant world:

"The Council of the Federation of the Protestant Churches of France, in the name of all French Protestantism, expresses its profound sorrow in seeing, after so many centuries of Christianity, two great empires systematically violating the best established principles of human rights.

"It declares its indignation, in common with all civilized humanity, at the destruction of Louvain [seat of a Catholic university] and at the bombardment of the Cathedral of Rheims.

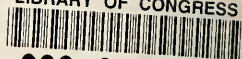
"It condemns the abuse of pious phrases, of which the Emperors of Germany and Austria have given scandalous examples since the beginning of hostilities.

"It notes with sadness how much the exploitation of the Deity risks in compromising true religion before the modern conscience.

"And, lastly, it denounces before all Christendom the evil wrought by these practices which, under the cloak of evangelical utterances, conceal the denial of the religion of the Prophets and of Jesus Christ himself."

Another evidence of the unity of patriotic sentiment in France, not only regardless of politics, but also of religion. It is a long time since the bloody night of St. Bartholomew! If Admiral Coligny could revisit this terrestrial sphere I'm sure he would have shared the honors with Cardinal Amette on that memorable Sunday a few weeks ago when all Paris knelt in prayer at Notre Dame.

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